



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

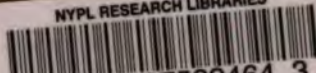
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES

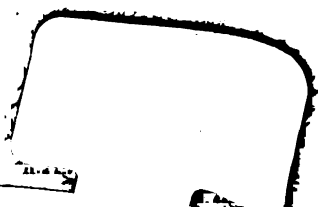


3 3433 07582464 3

Bird-Songs
Translated
Into Words



Young, American



NBI
11/2/2000

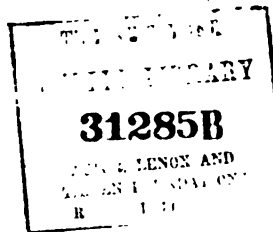
BIRD-SONGS

TRANSLATED

Into Words.

—♦—
MILLER HAGEMAN.

—♦—
BROOKLYN, N. Y.:
Published by the Author, 267 Lewis Avenue,
1887.



COPYRIGHTED
1887,
BY MILLER HAGEMAN.

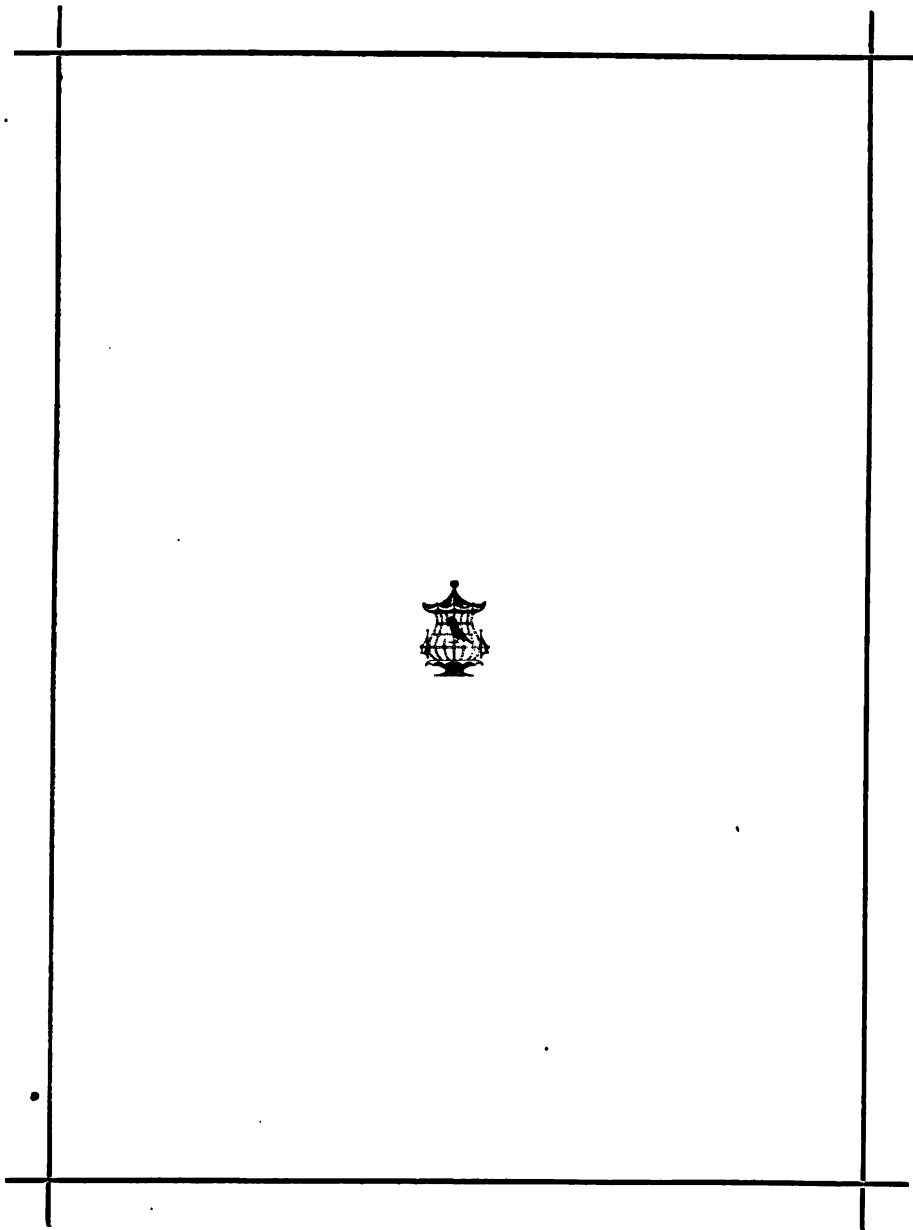
To
My Two Little Boys ;
In that Sweetest Nest of Singing Birds,
A Mother's Arms.

WQR 19 FEB '36



BIRDS.

THE CONDOR.....	11	THE PEACOCK.....	81
THE GOLDEN EAGLE..	13	THE COW-BIRD.....	83
THE VULTURE.....	15	THE SONG SPARROW...	85
THE GREAT HORNED		THE BELTED KING-	
OWL.....	20	FISHER.....	87
THE TRUMPETER SWAN	24	THE NIGHTINGALE....	89
THE SKYLARK.....	29	THE GREAT BLUE	
THE IVORY-BILLED		HERON.....	91
WOODPECKER.....	33	THE GREAT TYRANT	
THE RAVEN.....	36	FLYCATCHER.....	92
THE MOCKING-BIRD...	39	THE GOLD FINCH.	
THE SCARLET TANAGER	46	(<i>Thistle-bird</i>).....	94
THE WOOD-THRUSH... 49		THE CHICKADEE.....	95
THE ORTHODOX OWL.		THE WOOD DOVE....	97
(<i>Cinerean</i>).....	51	THE SNOWY TROCULUS	100
THE BOBOLINK.....	53	THE MINO.....	101
THE ROBIN.....	56	THE LOON.....	102
THE WINTER WREN... 58		THE BROWN THRASHER	104
THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE.		THE KILL-DEER.....	105
(<i>Fire-Bird</i>).....	62	THE CUCKOO.....	107
THE HERMIT THRUSH. 64		THE CREEPER.....	108
THE LONG-TAILED CHAT	67	THE BLUE-BIRD.....	109
THE CANARY.....	69	THE QUAIL.....	111
THE CHIPPIE.....	71	THE WOOD PEWEE... 112	
THE HUMMING-BIRD. . 73		THE RED-BIRD.....	114
THE LITTLE OVEN BIRD	75	THE CAT-BIRD.....	116
THE CLIFF SWALLOW.. 77		SEA-BIRDS, WILD SEA-	
THE SMALL SCREECH		BIRDS.....	117
OWL.....	80		



PREFACE.

THE author of this attempt flatters himself first in the field in the three following particulars :

- (1) In the humanization of birds in their relation to man.
- (2) In the expression of such a human relation through words, representing the corresponding character of different birds to different individuals.
- (3) In the application of such a general principle of ornithological interpretation to such a number of birds, as fairly to include, representatively, each different family.

The translation of a bird-song is a dainty difficulty. It is an easy thing to go out and hear a bird sing and then shape a sound upon it and call that a bird-song, but all that means really nothing. There is only one way to translate a bird-song. Go to the bird after you have gone to the book. Study it thoroughly in all its moods, habits, occupations, emotions, reveries; at morning, at noon, at evening, at midnight. Find out patiently from all its songs, what each one means and take that one which will stand inclusively for its salient thought-traits. This will give you the key to the translation of such traits into words. Words are only thoughts putting on their clothes. Each bird is different in form, flight and character, and requires a different setting. In order so to present your bird you must first know *just* where to put him. To this end, the study of dendrology

must go with ornithology. Each tree has a character of its own, like the bird it holds. Some are gay and flippant, some sombre and solemn, some aristocratic, some plebeian, some graceful, some grotesque. Some moan and pine and some shiver and shake with convulsive laughter. Some frown and some smile. The two studies go together. I think I know a tree that is an idiot.

The author has for years enjoyed the advantage of having had an experienced caller, who has called up within his hearing all the land and sea birds here given, so that their cries may lie loud upon the paper.

The following poems have been delivered by their author during the last five years through different parts of the country, and have been arranged from time to time after practical and patient experiment to produce the best elocutionary effect possible to him.

Acknowledgment is due in the technical prosecution of this work to such great masters as Audobon, Wilson, Brehm (by Cassell), Latham, Baird, and many others in the different languages, particularly Nuthall, the great interpreter of bird-notes. Also to Thoreau, Borroughs, Thompson and Langailly, in some half dozen instances for a beautiful onomatopœia. All the rest are original. Also to the professors of the great Canary Kindergartens, at Andresburg, in the Hartz mountains, with whom the author has enjoyed a most helpful correspondence. The same obligation is felt in the study of trees to that finest work on the subject, "The Silva Americana," by Michaux, and for the annotation of bird-scores representing the places and intervals of the different bird-songs on the staff (for birds all sing by note, though unconsciously,) to those equally great works, Kircher's

Musurgia, and Sir John Hawkins' History of Music. These scores will appear in a second volume, together with a careful resume of each bird.

It may not be altogether uninteresting to add, that these studies have been carried on at Princeton, New Jersey, and on the Long Island coast, the one for land, the other for sea birds, which last will form the next volume. New Jersey is the pivotal State for birds, and such a centre as Princeton the very best place in which to study them. Many of the southern birds fly no further north and many of the northern birds no further south, than New Jersey. There are more birds of different kinds in this State than in any other in the Union. Once aware of such a very interesting monopoly, how should her legislature, with swift Jersey justice, lose not another session, in protecting these beautiful wards of the State from the shameful extermination that is going on by sportsmen. I would as soon see over the door of my bird-room a death's head furnished with butterflies, as a lady's bonnet, ganché with the ghosts of these gentle angels of the air.

All countries have their great singer. The Nightingale for Spain, the Sky Lark for England, the Clarina for Mexico, and the Mocking-bird for America. Incomparably the finest singer in the world, so far discovered, genius and all counted in, is the Mocking-bird by moonlight.





THE CONDOR.

"Awe."

ART thou a spur of yon grim-visaged peak ?
So set thou seemest in thy stony trance.
Thou, that like some lone shape before the throne,
Waiting for judgment ; from thy solemn height,
Stoopest but seldom to the plain below :
Art thou of earth or heaven, cerulean, cloud ?
Both and yet neither, though between the spheres
Thy enormous wings are dipped in double worlds.
Below thee scowls the darkness at thy base,
Above thee smiles the soft, eternal glow
That gilds thy summits ; shrine of muse and sage.
Now, with thy steady, fierce, uplifted gaze,
Outwatching e'en th' intolerable sun :
Or now, bent down in dizzying revery
Upon the earth below ; on whose dim face
Ships crawl as snails and rivers drop their threads,
And thunderous cities clink with hollow ring,
And all their sounds and sights seem but to thee
Whispers and specks, that slowly dwindle out
Into immortal insignificance.
Thou hast looked down from thy colossal calm
With thy deep eye on empires and on kings,
Sceptres and gilded crowns ; and seen them fall

And pass away ; yet thou art on thy throne ;
Surviving e'en the century-living crow,
Wing-folded, 'mid the rushing flight of years,
The tread of armies and the wreck of worlds,
Musing upon the ruin Time hath wrought.
Thy robe—the royal purple of Heaven's court ;
Thy realm—the rainbow's bright, triumphal arch ;
Thy sceptre—lightning ; thy Prince-dictum—"Ave."

So have I seen thee, thou imperial bird,
When round the wreathing peak the curling mists,
With all their revery of fantastic shapes,
Lifted from off thy solitary form,
Sitting upon the lonely mountain-top,
To drink the first bright sunbeam of the dawn.
So have I watched thee when on the piled west,
The gorgeous wrack had heaped the evening heavens,
Take off thy stately way upon the sky,
Till, without wing-beat on thy moveless vans,
Thou seemed to rest on yon white Alps of cloud,
That scorned down from their six long miles of sky
With snowy crests, the Andes' topping peaks.
Methinks thy form, amid the wreathing furls
That fold the mountain's brow, was set to teach
Thy splendid truth unto the human soul.
The mists that shroud thee on thy awful perch,
Move not the mountains ; in the morning light,
Still with unlowered fronts their mammoths loom,
When the torn clouds that hid them melt away.
Thus, round the moveless adamants of Truth,
Darkens the void of Mystery and Doubt,
Yet in hewn strength, inscrutably, they stand,
Beneath the soul that rests in high repose,
Wing-folded, on the everlasting rock,
Whose summits shine through all the Condor years,
In the eternal light behind the veil.

THE EAGLE.

"Sphere."

O'ER the blunt crest majestic and imperial,
The Golden Eagle from his couch of stone
Sails slowly round in widening curves aerial,
The lonely monarch of the mountain throne.
From out his wings he shakes the dust in wheeling
Into the eyeballs of the blinded stag;
And turns to see him on the cliff go reeling
With crashing antlers down the echoing crag.

In clumsy circles round him closely flying,
Flutter the eaglets of his eyried brood;
For fledgling flights their timid pinions trying
At that far, sheer, adventurous altitude.
The volley rings—on his broad pinions lightly
He bears his nurselings to their dizzy nest:
And with his talons clasped about it tightly
Sails with them over to the distant crest.

Far down below him threads the crawling river,
The trail of smoke that curls up from the huts:
The fisherman, the trawling lines that quiver,
The cataract gleaming through the mountain cuts.
He sees the fat carp as it turns and tosses;
He sees his shadow o'er the water pass,
And wonders there how harmlessly he crosses
With the meek wood-dove on its mirrowing glass.

Up round the slant fir sinuously coiling,
Near the tawn Puma growling in its sleep,
Glides the black serpent through the branches toiling
Toward the young eaglets on the dizzy steep.
Slowly it stops as a dark shape floats o'er it,
Fixes its glaucous eye at that far height

On the great Eagle, in the sky before it,
As if, perchance, to stare him out of sight.

The Eagle knows that eye, its gaze he rivets,
Shrills out a wild scream echoing long and loud;
Draws up those barbed talons, pauses, pivots,
Strikes like a thunderbolt from out a cloud.
The deadly combat trembles in the balance,
A sullen lull, a shriek, an angry hiss;
And with the serpent writhing in his talons
The Eagle wheels out on the deep abyss.

The fisherman below looks up and wonders,
The hemlock howls, the echoing torrent roars:
The gusty scud above them loudly thunders,
And the sharp tempest slant the heaven pours.
The bright-veined bolts about them rive and rattle,
Opening with furious cuts the inky wrack;
As upward tangled into one they battle,
While the fierce King-bird beaks them in the back.

Wild grows the whirlwind, wild the lurid gleaming,
Wildly the scowling heavens together crash:
The serpent hissing and the Eagle screaming,
Come out like faces in a lightning flash.
Now in wild sport with motion rapt and regal,
With the red lightning ravelling on his tips,
Shoots through the shrieking storm that Golden Eagle,
Like a lost comet streaming in eclipse.

Fiercely the serpent in wild fury brightens,
Forks round the storm-king in the blinding glare;
It spits, it writhes, and with gnarled muscles tightens
About those talons twisting through it there.
Its bowels gush out, it leaps up, it lashes,
Strikes at those eyeballs with its deadly fang:

When, lo, each pinion then together clashes,
And the fierce snake falls stunned beneath their clang.

Now shines once more the sunlight warm and tender,
On the wild storm that rages far below ;
While the great Eagle sits in spendthrift splendor,
Baptized with colors on the shining bow.
Dashed by the blast and blinded by the levin,
The King-bird far below him gasps for breath ;
And coiling tightly down the crimsoning heaven,
The stiffening serpent drops away to death.

Still on the Sun majestic and imperial,
With upturned gaze the thin blue air he fans ;
Till, shaking out all care, he floats aerial,
Without a wingbeat on those glittering vans.
Higher and higher on the zenith rounding,
Without a follower, without a peer :
Far out of sight he soars up grandly sounding,
His splendid shout that fills all Heaven — "*Sphere.*"

So keep that shining emblem bright before thee ;
So take thy way straight upward to thy sun ;
And beaking tongues and clouds that gather o'er thee,
And storms shall fall below thee one by one.
So set thy foot upon thy strong temptation,
So fix thy upturned eye upon the goal :
And thou shalt stand at last in exaltation,
Without a wing-beat on thy eagle soul.

THE VULTURE.

"*Remorse.*"

[A Word and a Hiss.]

THE drunkard sprawled by his bottle that gleamed in
the marshy moon,
As he stretched out his hand for one more drink ere he
sank to his midnight swoon :

When, as he upward cast his eye, he saw with sudden
dread,
A group of hungry vultures that hung just o'er his
head.

'Twas not in idle revery they hovered round him there,
'Twas not for fish or flask or bird they poisoned on the
air,

'Twas him that they were watching with eyes blood-red
and deep,
That they might beak and batten down upon his drunken
sleep.

The drunkard started up aghast, as o'er his quivering
frame
Their diabolical intent each instant deeper came ;

And resting on his elbows, beneath their frightful croak,
Unto those fierce, blood-curdling birds at last the drunk-
ard spoke :

"Ye come as ghosts from out the tomb to call up on my
corse,
With your dark train of shadowy forms, that word, that
hiss, '*Remorse*.'

"And where should be my wife, my child, my mother's
sainted face,
Instead of such angelic scenes your hideous shapes I
trace.

"Ye're cold and thin and shrunken, ye forms of gaunt
distress.
Ye're rags and misery and death and a woman's faded
dress.

"Ye come to curse me in your brawl, an evil company,
Companions of my early youth that care no more for
me :

"Ye crane at every move I make with keen, impatient
eye,
Ye're not the only ones that watch and wait to see me
die.

"Ye come around me closer still upon this dread abyss,
From out whose swampy stench I hear Hell's many mil-
lioned hiss ;

"Ye come and on the very verge of ruin, swarm and
scoff,
As if to mock my awful fall that yawns but one step off.

"Ye come and in this gnawing thirst that at my vitals
tweaks,
I feel within my very heart the quarrel of your beaks.

"Ye come to whet those vulturous blades upon my
rheumy bones,
To mock with wild infernal shrieks my last expiring
groans :

"Ye come to tear me limb from limb, to sunder me
apart,
And ere I waken from my sleep pluck out my living
heart.

"And have I come at last to this that e'en these birds
that dive
About me, count me carrion, while still I am alive?

"That they should scent my baleful breath and scan my
drooping eyes,
And thicken on me as a corpse that swarms at death
with flies?

"God! many a night I've stumbled home to my straw
bed and slept,
In spite of baby's starving lips and her that waked and
wept:

"In spite of that appealing voice that now no longer
speaks,
But I cannot go to sleep to-night beneath those snapping
beaks.

"This night they're going to kill me without one wasted
breath,
This night they're going to dirk me through and do me
here to death:

"Hark! how they whet their hungry beaks upon yon
creaking limb,
And nudge their staring ribs and nod, 'We'll soon sit
fat on him.'

"'High license!' ha, ha, hear them laugh, 'he dare not
touch that cup.'
High license! how high when a man falls down in-
stead of up?

"'High license' Satan cried in Heaven and fell to Hell's
deep woe.
High license found me very high; it's left me very
low.

"Ho, jackals cluster, thicken there; ye demonry of
Hell!
Strong type of a devouring greed, ye've drawn its picture
well;

"Ye are the Devil and his Imps with curses harsh and
hoarse.
Come up from out the world below to call 'Remorse,'
'*Remorse!*'

"In you I see the lusts that fed on me since life began,
Begone! and by the power of God, I'll be a better man.

"Begone! black tumults of the night, that on me gloat
and spawn.
I hate you, loathe you, curse you, there; begone, damned
birds, begone!

"Go, tell your fellows in the swamp, whose shapes infest
my heart,
Go, tell the shadows of the morn that saw your hopes
depart:

"Go tell the moon and tell the stars and tell the rising
sun,
And tell the God that sent you here, I'm done with
drink—I'm done."

Up sprang the drunkard to his feet and as he knelt to
pray,
Back to the swamp at every word those foul birds slunk
away:

And as the holy midnight shone on sky and brook and
wood,
Where just before the vultures hung a group of angels
stood.

THE OWL.

"Who?"

'T WAS midnight; from the arbor shone the sails upon
the harbor,
And the landscape with the river widening through;
And o'er the high wall sloping the red moon climbed the
coping,
And her dimly lighted dwelling stood close by upon the
view,
Where suitors thronged her, each one wondering—

"Who?"

Rare thought, from languorous lashes shot out its flights
in flashes
Of burning barbs and where they struck they slew;
Ripe speech, the rounded lustres of whose lips rolled out
in clusters,
To the violet bubbles of the grapes the vines about her
blew;
And who could hold compare with her, O

"Who?"

I looked, I loved, ah, dearly; but, alas for me, she
merely
The ring from her reluctant finger drew;
Do I love you, dear? I—I—I doubt it; pray think no
more about it!
And I've thought about it ever since, because 'twas you,
'twas you,
Whom I would I ne'er had met, and yet—yet—

"Who?"

Thus, as of old, reclining within the arbor twining
With the honeysuckle glistening in the dew,
The while that word repeating, so curiously cheating,

There came a muffled sob from out the melancholy yew,
Repeating after me that query,

"Who-o-o-o-o?"

Within the bower I started at sound so broken-hearted.
"Could be the wind that through the branches blew?
Could be my brain had blundered, or do I dream" I
wondered?

"Could be the echo of her voice come back my love to
woo?"

"To woo," the voice replied, *"tu-whit-tu—*

"Who-o-o-o-o?"

As thus the sounds succinctly, yet more and more
distinctly,

Upon me with a human meaning grew:

I looked up, when, beside me, from out the yew there
eyed me

A spectre, so intently that I shuddered, wondering who?
The while once more that same voice mumbled,—

"Who-o-o-o-o?"

"Goblin or ghoul, whoever thou art disclose, or never
Again, in thy dread haunt make such adieu,"

The while those eyes conjuring, so lustrous and so luring,
In the red moon a Great Horned Owl screamed as its
light shone through,

"O who are you? O who are you? O—

"Who-o-o-o-o?"

"Wizard, with tone terrific, with face hieroglyphic,
That o'er the Sphinx hast craned earth's old night
through;

Thou that ere God had lighted the Throne sat by
benighted,

Who called thee forth, old Owl, and showed such wisdom
first to you?"

To which the old agnostic queried—

"Who-o-o-o-o?"

"Sibyl of night, grim, glowering, to whom the darkness
lowering,

Hath lent a frown of such hilarious hue;
Whose strange interrogation, seems part of my creation,
Whence, whither, what and who am I, old Oracle, say,
who?"

At which the grave Philosopher yawned,—

"Who-o-o-o-o?"

"Cynic of night, at knowledge, hooting on church and
college,

As the sexton rings the old bell fro and to:
O who of all those sages, after the spoils of ages,
Who knows he knows just how he knows why what he
knows he knew?"

"Hoo-hoo,"—tooted the elfin horn, "hoo,—

"Who-o-o-o-o?"

"Stoic of night, outwearying the skeptic in his querying,
Spite all that science, all that doubt can do:

O who at that cold portal where man lays down the
mortal,

O who can say that on the soul Death's iron gates clang
to?"

To which the Owl, tomb-musing, answered—

"Who-o-o-o-o?"

"Spirit," craved I, "that nightly, with visage so un-
sightly,

Hauntest this bower her memory to renew;
Hast thou from her that vainly I love, yet so insanelly,

Hast thou no smile from her who sleeps and dreams of—
God knows who?"

At which the Grotesque Gravity laughed,—
"Who-o-o-o-o?"

"Old Yew-Tree Owl, storm-shaken, by beast and bird
forsaken,

How few but know thy bitter wail, how few?
For in its sleepless sorrow, that broken cry doth borrow
From every sleep beneath its sound some human secret
too:

In every heart an Owl bewails some—
"Who?"

"Hoot on, late Owl, hoot madly, for through long night-
rain sadly,

That cry, her very revelry shall rue;
Till she at last, so lonely, dreams of that cold Owl only,
As in her sleep her haunted thoughts those chilly tones
pursue,

Telling her love-beads over to her,"—
"Who-o-o-o-o?"

"Owl on and often, often, long after Time shall soften
The lines on sorrow's brow in death's cold dew;
Still on her tomb, long after, thy wild night-sob, night-
laughter

Shall ghost and startle wood and stream and frozen road
and yew,

And man and maid shall say—'There sits old—
"Who?"

Beside the arbor moping, the Owl above the coping
Shrills its death-knell from the wildly writhing yew;
Where, in her wan abasement, she crieth at her case-
ment,

"Who will love me like my lost love?" as she bars her
window to,
And the Owl from out the wild tree, wonders,
"Who-o-o-o-o?" "Who-o-o-o-o?" "Who-o-o-o-o?"

THE TRUMPETER-SWAN.

"Once."

A puff of air lifted the light broad leaves
Of the dark maples, listening on the lawn,
With a cool crisp that curled about their tops:
While, through the gloom, from out a clear, cold rift,
Silvering the torn black edges of the scud,
The full moon slowly opened its bright eye,
And for one lonely instant lit the world.
'Twas then, that as beside my window bars
I looked up in the sky, behold, there came,
Ghostly as some chill phantom of the night,
From out the fleecy masses of the clouds,
Across the shining disk, a great white shape;
While, with a clear, loud, startling tocsin-peal,
That sounded like the dread Archangel's trump,
A voice called downward—"Once"—and died away;
And all was doubly still.

Once, and Once only, hail, farewell, O Once!
What charm is thine that at thy solemn touch,
All earthly things round which thy spell is wrought
Take on the subtle alchemy of change,
Vanish and leave us and are seen no more,
Save as late marsh-lights on the memory,
That hang far out upon its vague mirage.
O solemn, irrecoverable Once!
Thy seal of cold finality is set,
Alike upon the august century plant,

That blooms from out its hundred-folded years,
And the bright bubble, snapping at a breath
Its glassy shell; both bloom alike but once.
There are no copies. All translations lie.
We but at best repeat resemblances,
Whether upon the canvass or the cast.
'Tis what it seems, 'tis not the thing itself.
A thing once done cannot be done again,
While all the ages, with their chisels raised,
Strike at the Apollonian head in vain.
Therefore to all that greets thee on the earth,
To smiles, to tears, to hopes, to human looks,
To words, that while yet warm upon the lips
Already have grown cold, to all that comes and goes,
To you, my brothers, once and once for all,
Hail and farewell.

Salute—for these failing eyes but once
On earth, shall ere be lifted to behold
The fading splendors of each passing scene;
Since, in the shifting pomps that deck our sight,
Each opening sense incessantly confronts
A new creation; o'er whose chequered disk,
The mists that wreath the turbaned mountain tops,
The slow-paced winds that shepherd the young clouds,
The smoking footsteps of the sun that glint
On the gray uplands, winking in the dew,
The flowers that breathe their beauty on the air,
The fast dissolving rack, the flying bird,
The song that sleeps away upon the sense,
The lapsing stream and the white waterfall,
The hung duomo of the starry dome,
The blazonry of worlds, that round and round
Tread their eternal circle; all of these
Pass—and with languaged silence, answer—Once.
Yet not such pomps as these that crowd the sight,

Are after all the things most easily missed,
In earth's imperial Court of Images.

Nature loves trifles ; to her deeper thought,
The daisy's scarce-flung shadow on the greeneth,
At the bright noon, beggars the dead of night.
Nature loves trifles ; lightly doth she dream
Of her heroics ; therefore doth she stint
Her finest touches, with a coy reserve,
Only for those who love her ; all save such
She jilts without compunction, and she hides
In furtive corners and sequestered nooks,
And, amid glimpses, secrets, sly arch things,
That twinkle out through cold, dank haunts of hern,
Talks to herself of all her hidden lore,
Like the old-fashioned gossip that she is,
As from her jewel case she whispers up :
"All the bright gems that crust the crowns of kings,
Or brow the forehead of the firmament,
I hide within the deep folds of my robe.
The opal but the rainbow in the rock.
Diamonds but lighted charcoals, aye, and more,
The very smiles that fade out on the face,
But old lost sunsets of immortal heat.
Leave off heroics ; search for simples ; scan
The lines that melt around the snow-flake's wreath,
The star-pricked eddy and the delicate fern,
The hints, the clues, the auguries of art ;
And I will show thee wonders that surpass
The divinations of all occult skill :
Yet such I show thee seldom even—Once."

And as with Nature, so no less with Man.
Though but for one brief fleeting hour we part,
Nay, part not, only turn away the head,
We nevermore shall see ourselves again.

Something about us shall have changed, albeit,
So unconsciously, we reck not of the rape.
Each mood, each moment doth obliterate
The one before, as wave soothes after wave ;
Lest one imperious thought should lay itself
Upon the brow and mad the morbid brain.
Perceptions throng the mind's processional,
In the iron order of incessancy.
Contrasts breed contrasts, like quicksilver's like.
The child that weeps one instant, laughs the next.
Tears follow smiles, hate, love and sorrow, joy.
Sympathy becomes twin sister unto scorn,
Emotions beat upon our history,
On and still on, and thus with each event,
Each aspect of the ever-changing mien,
As pictures glimmer in a palimpsest,
Though we may often meet, yet after all,
Oft as we meet, we see ourselves but—Once.

By such a trumpeting, let us be quick
To treasure up each word, each casual glance,
From out the sky-bursts of the human soul,
That fall from those that love us, lest they pass,
And leave us nothing else to hear or see
But saddened voices and reproachful eyes.
For, though alas, thou seek with many tears,
In the deep grave to lay the memory
Of ghostly guilt or long neglected love ;
'Tis vain ; Repentance cannot drug them down
With the nepenthe of oblivion,
Or for all time repair one injury
Done to the dead. Repentance hath no past.
Memory comes often, love comes only once.
Can useless sorrow staunch the bloody slit,
The murderous thrust shows on the dabbled throat?
Can deep remorse restore the ruined heart,

Or tears give back lost virtue to a name?
Such sleight as that were match for miracle.
Dwell as thou wilt upon departed love,
Call up its form from out its empty place,
Ask for the alms of its forgiveness,—say,
“I’m sorry,” all night long, where the white shaft
Stands ghost above some grave; it will not bring
The baby’s crow back to the drunkard’s cot,
The golden gloss upon the faded tress,
Or thaw the kiss upon Love’s frozen lips.
How impotent Repentance at the grave
Of a dead *Once*; and yet—and yet—
What comes so often to us all as—“*Once*.”

Then, once for all, my brothers, hail; farewell.
Take home to heart this most impressive truth,
Yon white apparitor trumpeteth to all.
Salute, thou shalt pass this way but once.
But once for thee each fading scene of earth,
But once each fond affection and each look,
But once each hour before thee shall unbolt
Its fast-barred door of Opportunity,
And bid thee enter or forever stand
Before its portal shut out in the cold.
But once each deed is done. One trial sure
Were better far than many. And at last
Death clangs its iron gate once, once for all
Behind thy feet forever on the earth.
Each act is final; think not to adjourn
To some far distant sphere thy stern assize;
No hour comes on the clockwork of the heavens
In all thy Future more august than now.
Each act is final; in itself contains
Its consequential judgment. To that truth
Unnumbered solemn ministers of state,
Suffering and retribution and disease,

Bear awful attestation at each step.
Go through the wards of Death, go mark those men
Who wait with rotting bones and husky voice,
As eyeballs glaze for the last rigid look,
To fix its stare on Destiny and God.
Go mark them and then question, if you can,
The Judgment that o'ertakes men before death.
There is a way that seemeth right to men,
The end whereof is death. And on, and on
The living Jordan through the Dead Sea flows,
But cannot give it life. Up, sinner, up.
By yon loud trumpet flung upon the night,
Thou hast not left a single hour to lose.
Come to thyself. What still remains to do
Do quickly, while as yet the dial shows,
For darkness comes and with it a dead wall.
Pour not thyself upon the Past; 'tis gone,
Aye gone forever. Seize the Present hour,
If thou would'st feel the Future's starry crown,
Throb down at last upon thy temples. Live,
And the dark thoughts of death that trouble men,
As the loud trumpet sounds thee to the throne,
Shall put on light as clouds that near the sun,
And brighten into Immortality.

THE SKYLARK.

"Ecstasy."

UNDER the maples the mourners met to bury the
beautiful Violet,
When the still morning smiled,
Not a prayer arose, not a word was said as they solemnly
lowered the lovely dead,
The skeptic's only child.

The great tears glistened he could not hide, as he hope-
lessly shook his head and sighed :
"She is nothing now to me ;"
She is out of sight, she is out of sound, she lies there
dead in the cold, cold ground,
But a dream immortality.

Hard by her grave from its lowly nest flashed like the
spirit from out her breast
A skylark's wondrous song,
Thrilling the soul with a sense of wings, trembling away
from earthly things
To join the seraph throng.
The daisy heard it and opened its eye, the nightingale
listened as it rose by,
And hushed its mournful strain.
The morning star saw it afar in space, and hid as it
blushed into light its face,
The last of night's shining train.

Slowly the skeptic raised his brow from her that was
nothing to him now
To that skylark in its flight.
While as it soared on the purpling sky, he followed it
sadly with his eye
Toward the sapphire gates of light.
Up through the breezy, buoyant air it rose as if on the
wings of prayer,
Dispelling the shades of doubt.
Up through the thin and light-torn clouds, like a spirit
casting off its shrouds,
Its form flashed in and out.
Higher and higher it floated on, till the hurried beat of
its wings was gone.
As it reached the realm of rest,

And ever it took on a changing hue, and ever its sweet
 song sweeter grew
 As it neared those gates of the blest.
Fainter and fainter upon the sky it faded out on skeptic's
 eye
 A tiny speck in space.
Till as he strained his yearning sight for a last fond
 glimpse of it in its flight
 It vanished and left no trace.

He looked, but saw not, yet listened long, to the ravish-
 ing strains of that sightless song,
 Beyond those distant skies,
And it seemed to him like the soft sweet sound of her
 voice shall lay in the silent ground,
 Singing in Paradise.
He listened, but slowly in the sky he heard one by one
 those sweet tones die
 Till all was still at last.
And the skeptic stood at the gates of the sun shading
 his face with his hands, as one
 Whose soul out of life had passed.

But hark, as he drops his saddened eye to that sound
 once more in the silent sky,
 That bird is coming back.
He looks up, he listens, hark, oh, hark, to that song, as
 once more that little lark
 Gleams out on its silver track.
Little by little it grows, it swells, till it seems to ring with
 Heaven's silver bells,
 The joy of the seraph throng.
Tell me, he cried, with rapture wild, hast thou seen, oh,
 skylark, my child, my child?
 And this is the skylark's song:

She is there—she is there—I have seen her face, I have
 caught the gleam of her snowy grace,
 The glance of her lifted eyes.
She is there—she is there—I have listened long to the
 seraph notes of her matin song,
 At the gates of Paradise.
She is there—she is there—'mid the moving forms above
 the stars and above the storms,
 Where the sun doth never set.
She is young and fair, I have heard for you her morning
 prayer,
 She lives and loves you yet.

She is there,—she is there,—your child, your child, she is
 there, for she saw me, and sweetly smiled,
 As she said with glad surprise :
“Why, you are my skylark, I used to know, come away
 up here from the earth below,
 To see me beyond the skies :
And there 'round your neck the glossy band that I tied
 there once with my own, own hand,
 And that word ‘Immortality.’
Fly back to my father, Oh, message bird, and tell him,
 oh tell him, I've read that word
 In the light of eternity.

“Tell him to think as he looks on high, when the skylark
 rises against the sky,
 And he hears out of Heaven its hymn,
That some one with every morn anew, with a heart that
 is tender and loving and true,
 Is praying and watching for him.
And tell him, oh, tell him dear bird to part with the pride
 of an unbelieving heart,
 For that faith he so oft reviled.

Tell him to turn from the things of dust to the spirit
throng with that simple trust
That he loved in his little child."

Under the maples lies papa's pet, and every day she
grows dearer yet,
And every day more dear,
As he says to himself I'm immortal I know, with that
little spring violet under the snow,
That blooms in a brighter sphere.
If that little bird can cross the blue and sing out of sight,
why not Violet, too,
She is everything now to me.
I had rather trust that skylark's song than the churchyard
stone thro' my whole life long,
There is immortality.

THE IVORY-BILLED WOODPECKER.

"Rat-tat-tat."

NIGHT lay at noon along the leafy dusk,
With scarce a sound that woke the warbling morn;
Save from some tree, where oft with fastening husk,
The hard dry locust wound its elfin horn.

The red haze films with dull horizoned glow,
The smoking furnace of the brazen sky;
Where, dropped at anchor on the tide below,
A single cloud hangs motionless on high.

The drowsy runnel drops its broken thread,
In silver stitches at each sun-bleached stone;
And absent-mindedly along its bed,
Talks to itself in a low undertone.

Deep stand the cows in the cold-bottomed creek,
Hard by the hollow chuckle of the frog ;
Slow oozes by the muskrats' bubbling streak,
And the loud turtle tumbles from the log.

Bright dancing insects moth the dusty beam,
Aslant the trunks that bridge the sunken brook ;
'Tis sultry noon—along the shady stream,
Not e'en the feather of the aspen shook.

The crisp dock on the brink curls slowly up,
The distaff-thistle spins its silver crown ;
The kalmia turns its crimson spotted cup,
And summer blossoms lightly snow the down.

In the near field where nesting blue-birds flute,
The pouting apples plump down in their prime ;
Where on the russet sward, the hectic fruit,
Spots all the orchard with its golden rime.

Loud under foot the crackling leaves resound,
In the dead stillness of deep layers of sleep ;
And where the road with its two wheel-marks wound
A brittle twig snapped to the squirrels leap.

The salamander beats its purring drum,
While from the cold black crevice of the rock ;
Through the low, dim, illimitable hum,
Ticks faintly out the spider's tiny clock.

The rustling milksnake through the umbrage weaves
With languid glide its undulating way ;
As loitering down, the desultory leaves
With long, slow waverings strew the woodsy clay.

Through the thick roof the golden sprinkles rain
Their sun-drops 'thwart the satin-rustling shade,
And rich mosaics of red mosses stain
The fronded tiles with which its floors are laid.

The woodland kings of the great Dial trees,
Rise up from out their bronzed urns, vague and vast;
The hooded ghosts of vanished centuries,
Whose huge rings hold the cycles of the Past.

Down the dim aisles that deepened from the edge,
A black, dank tarn gleamed through the golden gloom;
Whose red arbutus stained its stony ledge,
Like bloody finger-marks upon a tomb.

Knows't thou a grave so deep 'twill tell no tales,
Down whose dark mouth a dying man may roll,
From off his Conscience in these hushed-up vales,
That heavy wallet of the human soul?

White hour! more ghostly than the dead of night,
When o'er the dial of the noon's high tide;
Man and his shadow, darkly drawn in light,
Move—Life and Death each walking side by side.

At such an hour, within the sultry wood,
Drowzing with Nature in her noon-day nap;
There came in all that populous solitude,
The spectral sound of a low, hollow tap.

Dead as a cold hand knocking in the night,
Within the empty marble of the tomb;
A dipping shadow reeled out on my sight,
Through the groined vault of that sepulchral gloom.

Slow, with tri-colored scarf from tree to tree,
Through the hot hush that in the forest hung ;
With deep drawn curves in fine festoonery,
The Ivory-Bill between the tall tops swung.

The while at solemn intervals of sound,
Through the green tent under whose shade I sat,
The listening forest rang in echos round,
With the soft clarion of its "*rat-tat-tat*."

And this is what those solemn drum-taps said:
Live—if to Death thy soul would bid adieu—
'Tis but at hollow hearts whose hopes are dead,
That thou cans't hear Time beat its low tattoo.

THE RAVEN.

"Keep off."

THE huge mountain ridges at midnight came rolling
High over the harbor-bar ;
The bell on the buoy swung heavily tolling
For ships on the outing afar.
Where perched on a ledge at the mouth of the haven,
As the surges rolled up their loud scoff ;
In the gleam of the lighthouse there sat a lone Raven,
Calling out from his tall crag, "*Keep off*,"
And the bell-buoy swung back ; "*Keep off*,"
"*Keep off*."

Through many a wild storm defiantly scorning
The foam-hissing fiends of the dark ;
That lone bird had sat there with ominous warning
As his sire sat of old on the ark.
The dim-lanterned night-watch no longer stood chaffing,
Or called him a silly old goff ;

For too oft they had found little time left for laughing,
When they heard in the night his "*Keep off*,"
As surge after surge rolled, "Keep off,"
"Keep off."

For ere glass or ere gun had been sighted or sounded,
Far out on the dark midnight sky,
That restless old Raven the offing had rounded,
With one deep, searching sweep of his eye.
While as through the thick mists that hung over the outing
He swept with contemptuous scoff;
The signal gun fired when they heard his hoarse shouting
Far over the surges, "*Keep off*,"
And the night-winds re-echoed, "Keep off,"
"Keep off."

So they fondled and fed him, that cunning old Raven,
And they hung a gold badge round his neck;
With these words on its red-ribboned medal engraven,
For sighting and saving the wreck.
And still to this day is the story repeated
Of that monk-bird in black glossy moff;
While the ledge where all night he was seen grimly seated
Is known as the Ledge of "Keep off,"
Named after his warning, "*Keep off*,"
"*Keep off*."

Far out on the sea as its signal grew clearer,
There twinkled a tremulous speck;
But the Raven well knew, as the wind swept it nearer,
That spot on the deep was a wreck.
Now drowned in the darkness, now rising, now falling,
In the crest-hollowed comb of the trough,
While loud over all that lone watcher kept calling,
As he craned o'er his tall crag, "*Keep off*,"
And the bell-buoy echoed, "Keep off,"
"Keep off."

Borne in on the blast came the vague distant clamor
Of voices confusingly wild :
And hoarse cries for help through the flame's ghostly
glamour,
And the faint frightened bleat of a child.
The shrieks of the drowning, the screams of the dying,
Rolled back through each rumourous clough ;
While loud over all croaked the Raven's hoarse crying,
As the ship struck the sharp rocks, "Keep off."
And the fog-bell tolled faster, "Keep off ;"
"Keep off,"

Full brightly at morn shone the sun on the shingle,
With a smile that but saddened the shore ;
Where clasped in cold arms lay the loved who should
mingle
On earth with each other no more.
While on top of the mast at the mouth of the haven,
O'er the ship that lay sunk in the trough,
At its sentinel post sat that wary old Raven,
Calling out to the sea-gulls, "*Keep off* ;"
And the bell-buoy tolled sadly, "Keep off,"
"Keep off,"

And that Raven shall stand there a warning of danger,
On top of that spray-tossing stone ;
To the soul on eternity drifting a stranger,
Toward the light that shines down from the Throne;
Drifting in on the treacherous rocks of temptation
To which mariners dreamily doff ;
While Duty calls out from the life-saving station,
Calls sternly, calls loudly, "Keep off ;"
And all Heaven's bells are echoing, "Keep off,"
"Keep off."

Keep off from the strand where the syren is singing,
Keep off from her love-tangling locks ;

Keep off from the cup in her hand she is swinging,
Keep off, O keep off from the rocks.
Keep off from the black reefs of Doubt, O my brother,
Keep off from their skeptical scoff;
Hear from star-anchored Heaven the sweet voice of thy
mother
Singing, "Keep off my darling, 'Keep off.'"
And the angels all answer, "Keep off,"
"Keep off."

And when the white mists of chill midnight are stealing
Around thee with cold mantling breath;
When thou a late voyager dimly art feeling,
Thy way through the fogbanks of death;
Be not as that ship on the brow of the billow,
That sank to the surges' black scoff;
By the light that shines down on thy lone, dying pillow,
Look out for the Ledge of Keep off,
Where the hoarse ghouls of Hell cry, "Keep off,"
"Keep off."

THE MOCKING BIRD.

A Polyglot.

The Valley slept;
Not e'en a sound woke the ghost-peeping glade,
Save where the bright drops of the dripping dew
Tolled through the leafy borders of the dark,
Laced with a fine embroidery of light,
Their tinkling chime of bells on the still air.
The spiders in their silver hammocks swung
Between the sprays, where in transparent sleep,
Wing-folded, drowzed th' innumerable birds;
While, like a smile, that at some pleasant thought
Drifts slowly o'er the face of one who dreams,

Looked down the moon upon the glassy lake,
Where snow-white stems of silver birches gleamed,
Like a fair nun, from out night's nunnery,
To count her beaded rosary of stars,
Strung in cold dew-drops and star-rippling spheres.

In the stained gloom of the nocturnal woods,
Where a long bar of light fell brightly in
Aslant the skirting path, a shadow tweaked,
And a quick, nervous footstep rustled through
The crisp, dead underbrush, by the clear pool,
When suddenly, from the satin-rustling shade,
Moulting the moonlight on its dewy lips,
With every turn that its fine quavers took,
There shot up sheer into the starry dome,
With silver flashing wing and pale gold eye,
The mocking bird, and as it soared aloft
Poured out its whole soul on the listening night;
Till, as that thrilling song rushed on the sky,
Methought it left a phosphorescent track
Of splendor after it, as when a rocket streams;
Then, dropping down into a dusky tone,
Whose fine ventriloquisms rose and fell,
Through two alternate hemispheres of sound,
As if expiring with love's ecstasy,
The burning Sappho of the bird-choir sang:

"Hear me, O lovely Thrush-angel, long time ago translated,

Wheeling on throne-circling wing,

"Hear me, O sweet St. Theresa, thou who once sang in
this thicket,

'Tis to thee, 'tis to thee that I sing.

"Go to bed, you little brown birds, that tweak out your
twitters,

That lisp through the leaves of the tree;

"Go to bed, you lunary poet, for whom the Dog-star
foams madness,

You are all of you nothing to me.

"Go to sleep and snore and then dream you are singing
in heaven,

The poet is just such a fool ;

"With his stale farewells to his loved one, prepared
beforehand,

Spontaneity reeled off by rule.

"Two lives in one life I lead, one of light, one of shadow,
One of moan, one of mime,

"I am Nature's Italian, I scout all the measures of metre,
I am tired out of all sorts of rhyme.

"I set the whole forest a-flutter, I croon back its chatter,
I twig every peep-o-day note:

"I listen, I laugh and I mock them, I mock men and
women,

I run off their gossips by rote.

"The lisp of a plane, or the deep hollow dip of the
wild-fowl,

The maniac's worn grated wheeze,

"The drawl of a married old maid, of an elbowed ,
cadaver,

I am all, I am any of these.

"I disport quips and jokes without end, from the glist to
the gloaming,

Take a blush or a curse for my pay :

"I'm a wind-bag, but then—well—I'd rather be that than
a vacuum,

Can you answer that wit-slinger? say?

"Don't try now, I pray, lisping wax-wing, to talk in a
vacuum,

To the cedar tree take off thy way,

"From this devil-may-care-a cark-wit, who talks to his
shadow,

With always the last word to say.

"But when Day hides its face in its hands, with a heart
 that is weary,
 "When Night smiles out through a frown at the sun's
 garish satire,
 "When love's frozen lips are cold in the death-serk of
 snow-drifting slumber,
 "When memory forgets to remember, when sense puts
 on a child's foolscap,
 "When the wise owl plays the king's fool, seeing only
 the darkness,
 "Let no man call me a mocker, asleep in the shroud of
 his shadow,
 "Then I am no longer a clown, a pent jade of guilt
 cages,
 "But a spirit divinely human, addressing importunate
 heaven,
 "Hear me, O sweet St. Theresa, for I feel thy sweet soul
 hovering o'er me,
 "In the shadowy City of Wings, O thou shining celestial.
 "I too have a soul and I know it, in spite of the sleep-
 ing skeptic,
 "A heart and I feel its pulsation, in spite of the sicklied
 cynic,
 "A song and I sing for my loved one in spite of the
 hopeless poet;
 "But she, does she hark, does she hear me? night gives
 up no answer,
 "I, the proud scion of Genius, sprung from the thoughts
 of the star-god,
 "With mind, with affection, with reason, with all the
 traits of the human,
 "I, angel of all this bright air, already an angel in
 heaven,
 "I sing, but alas, she is silent, I call but from her comes
 no answer.

"Such is the birthright of Genius, such its lone life on
 the Earth,
 "Life of the life everlasting, life that comes only by
 death.
 "Genius—the miracle-bringer, sleight of the magical
 soul,
 "Speed of the wing-footed seraph, over the snail and the
 stork ;
 "Bookmen are busy with glasses, watching for some
 bright new star,
 "Better a watch-tower for Genius as it comes out in the
 dark.

 "Wandering the whole world over in lands that it never
 hath trod.
 "What had the world been without thee hadst thou not
 waked it from sleep ?
 "Touched by thy Talethecumi while it made mouth to
 thy back ;
 "What hath it garnered but genius, what hath it saved
 of the fool ?
 "What are the engines saying, swift-screaming eagles of
 steam
 "Bearing the drone and the sluggard, a fly on their wings
 to the sun ?
 "Who are the rail-ships praising at every village they
 stop ?
 "What is the telegraph sending for its message round
 the world,
 "As it signs in its strange handwriting, the autograph
 letter of sound ?
 "Genius—the miracle worker—sage of the sapient eye,
 "Face of the forth-right Apollo, cruel chisels have
 struck at in vain.
 "Greatest of all thy enchantments, the ease of thy
 fabulous touch,

"As a stray wind through the blossoms shakes down a
 whole orchard,
 "While the slow-moving hand of the farmer is setting
 the ladder a-top.
 "Passing with Samson, through Gaza, bearing its huge
 gates away,
 "Without a pinch on its features, a drawl on its unslack-
 ened pace.
 "Genius—God-honored, man-slighted, in cellars and
 garrets and rags,
 "With heroes all sordidly hidden away on the day of
 parade.
 "A suicide going unbidden into the presence of God.
 "Topped by the wage of the worker who has only a
 hand to sell.

"Talent sleeps, but Genius awakens—awakens and calls
 out 'Theresa !'
 "I am lonely 'mid all these little brown hop-birds that
 cheep in the thicket.
 "That tweak out that twittering, that mediocre thing
 they call talent,
 "Such is the song, O Theresa, that I sing to thy spirit,
 "As I mount brightly up to the moon on the rapture of
 motion,
 "I am bird, I am high human being, I long and I love
 and I suffer,
 "I pine through the pale Empyrean, I pine for thy
 genius,
 "I faint, I drop down with my song, I pant and I
 quiver,
 "As the shadows of wind-shaken leaves upon tremulous
 waters,
 "When shall I once more behold thee, thou blest one
 who died in the winter ?

" When shall I once more behold them, the warm brood
that cold winds have scattered ?

" O what were the Paradise tree with never a bird-song
about it ?

" O what were the rich skies of Heaven with never their
first-winged seraphs ?

" And if in blest mockery now I call down kindred
spirits,

" 'Tis but that to them I belong as a shining celestial.

" Then hear me, O sweet St. Theresa, thou art not for-
gotten,

" 'Tis to thee, 'tis to thee that I sing, O thou lovely
thrush angel.

" Take this song as it thrills to the throne, as it swells
from my bosom,

" This song that I sang once to thee, long ago in the
thicket,

" For I am the skylark of night, as I brighten toward
glory,

" I sing at the gates of the moon the song of a splendid
immortal.

" Ascend from the vats of the deep, O ye Tyrian vapors,

" Drift softly, dark clouds, toward the moon, with purple-
dyed fleeces,

" Put on as ye pass through its gates your beau-
tiful garments !

" Know ye not, O clouds, that ye are the mantles of
shining celestials ?

" That flash in the light of the throne with a gorgeous
apparel,

" As the fire finches flash in the sunset their gleams on
the Ganges.

" Ye are the flocks of the birds, of cloud piping plover,

" Of Trumpeter-Swan sounding out on the night sky
the trumpet of judgment,

"Of songs going up to be sealed in the stars' golden viols,
 "In the great conservatory, of all the sweet earth-sounds
 of ether,
 "Where, far above high-sounding cymbals, above harps,
 above thrones, above altars,
 "Above saints, above thousand-stringed seraphs, above
 all the sweet singers,
 "As the chorus of earth's great Bird concert shall clasp
 the whole Heaven with its zone chord,
 "The 'peep o' day peep' of the Linnet shall be lost in
 the Lark's Jubilate.

THE SCARLET Tanager.

"Cheer, Cheer up,"

"Cheer-up."

I N the mast reeds down by the river,
 With its thousand shining eyes :
 A huge behemoth, gorged yet greedy,
 At midnight, the city lies ;
 And each drop as it drips from its great jaws,
 In the river sadly sighs ;
 "Ah, ah me !"
 "Ah me !"

In the streets and the great squares slowly
 The shadows to wan form start ;
 And nocturnal moths and butterflies,
 Glitter and ghost and dart ;
 And shame and despair and genius,
 Wail by with a broken heart ;
 "Ah, ah me !"
 "Ah me !"

White sleep, with its lidded deathweights,
On every eye doth fall :
And the palace becomes the sepulchre,
And the bridal veil the pall ;
And the morning dawns, but it never,
Ah, it never, wakes them all.
" Ah, ah me !"
" Ah me !"

I called through the gates of the city
To Nature to comfort me :
But below all her mirth and her music,
She was sad as sad could be ;
And I found that at last all her voices
Ran into the minor key.
" Ah, ah me !"
" Ah me !"

The ocean sobbed on the shingle,
The shell sighed over the dune :
The wind moaned out of the tree-tops,
The river runed over its rune :
And all the leaves of the forest,
Were lisping the same sad tune.
" Ah, ah me !"
" Ah me !"

Cheerless and chill I lingered,
Deeper that gloom became :
When suddenly on the darkness,
There shot out a golden flame,
While with pert, intolerant accent,
I heard a quaint voice exclaim :
" Cheer, cheer up,"
" Cheer up."

I gazed on that flaming messenger,
That did thus my care deride ;
Till the lips of Christ seemed speaking
From the scarlet wound in His side,
In the deep eclipse that gathered
Round that day on which He died,
"Cheer, cheer up,"
"Cheer up."

"What sorrow is that thou hidest,"
Craved I, "that thou canst not fly ?
"For are we not both God's creatures,
Thou Tanager and I ?
"That ever thou sing'st so merrily
To drown a deeper cry,
"Cheer, cheer up,"
"Cheer up?"

On its nest that night I caught it,
And I said, "I will try and see,
"When it finds itself far from its fellows
In the city lone like me,
"Whether it still will carol,
Whatever its lot may be,"
"Cheer, cheer up,"
"Cheer up."

I passed through the gates of the city,
Through its silent streets of stone :
And hung up the bird in my window,
Where the thrill of its wild fresh tone,
Rang out and thousands heard it,
Who never its song had known :
"Cheer, cheer up,"
"Cheer up."

One morning, alas ! I found him,
That love-bird, so legend saith,
With his beautiful plumage ruffled,
And his head dropping low in death.
But still, the brave little fellow
Gasped out with his very last breath,
"C-h-i-r, c-h-e-e-r u-p,"
"C-h-e-e-r u-p."

So here in the sad old city,
I bless God for my beautiful bird,
For the song that the Scarlet Tanager sings
Will stick to all who have heard,
In the shadow of death or of sorrow,
That quaint little, queer little word,
Cheer, cheer up,
Cheer up.

THE THRUSH.

O "*Holy*,"—" *Holy*,"—" *Holy*."

I went to church to the cathedraled woods ;
The Sabbath morn shone fair ;
The trees, like friars, folded in their hoods,
Bowed in responsive prayer,
As one within those populous solitudes
Sought sanctuary there.

I brushed away the cobwebs from my face,
For I was sick of creeds,
And spiderous sophistries, that leave no place
For universal needs ;
And narrow views of arbitrary grace,
And all such teaching breeds.

I had no Bible and I needed none,
God's glory to declare;
To gild the peak or light the glorious sun
To climb its cloudy stair;
Or tell me what my Maker's hand had done:
For God Himself was there.

The seats were free, no beggar cursed by caste
Prayed in the portico;
No late lay-figure down the slow aisle passed,
Some new turned style to show;
No penny-chinking plates gasped out at last,
Settle—before you go.

Down thro' the dim aisles as I passed along,
The service had begun;
And from side choirs of low responsive song,
Birds chanted, one by one,
Till with the chorus of a mighty throng
The great cathedral rung.

Slowly the music died upon my ear;
When, in the holy hush,
There sounded out in accents sweet and clear
And tremulous and lush,
As if a seraphim o'ersang its sphere,
The solo of a Thrush.

In the cool cedars—hark—that shake—that trill,
That wondrous phrase of sound;
Now strung with Heaven-skilled harps, and now a rill
Of water underground.
An ecstasy that made two worlds stand still
At pathos so profound.

O "holy, holy, holy," swelled the strain,
And from each gushing tree,
Unnumbered birds echoed the grand refrain,
"We all do worship thee,"
As that great hymn swelled thro' the temple's fane
In solemn litany.

Borne on the air about the answering steeps
From every mountain side ;
In lessening echoes still the chorus sweeps
O'er softening tarn and tide,
Till in the peace that languaged silence keeps,
Its dim sixth echo died.

Still up through harps swept in another sphere
That hymn rolled out again ;
While as the service closed, upon mine ear,
I heard far down the glen,
The sudden water-fall, that, loud and clear,
Pronounced a deep "Amen."

THE ORTHODOX OWL.

"O-O-O-O Or-tho-dox-y."

THERE sat an old Owl with an *orthodox* scowl,
On an old theological tree :
And he sang him a song thro' the whole night long,
'Twas an old, old song sang he ;
For the song like its name is forever the same,
"O O-O-O-O Or-tho-dox-y."

On the branch where he sat, 'twas the only—mark that,
'Twas the only *dead* branch on that tree :
All the night long he cried, "all these branches beside,
Are not safe to be trusted, you see :

" There is only one branch on which learning may launch,
And that branch is *right under me*."
" O-O-O-O-O Or-tho-dox-y."

Bats, beetles and moles, crept up out of their holes
To gaze at the old gree-gree ;
And birds craned their necks just like so many sects,
From each branch, aye, each twig of that tree,
And each sect encored, as that old Owl snored,
" O-O-O-O-O Or-tho-dox-y."

In the pasture close by with an ear-shaded eye,
A donkey looked up from the lea ;
And he viewed and reviewed with a dazed attitude,
That hooting old Owl on the tree ;
And he, too, loudly brayed, as his class he betrayed,
" O-o-o-o-o Or-ugh-tho-ugh-dox-ugh-y."

Now inside of that trunk was a squirrel, or—skunk,
And its name was Inquiry, *ire-e-e* ;
And he bored and he bored, in the name of the Lord,
Till he found out at last that that tree,
Was as hollow all round as that Owl's empty sound,
" O-O-O-O-O Or-tho-dox-y."

Soon a wind swept the town and the old tree blew down,
That dead theological tree ;
And the old Owl flew out, hooting wildly about,
" No new ideas have we,
" Though the standard is downed, we must keep up the
sound,"
" O-O-O-O-O Or-tho-dox-y."

But at morning when light flung a challenge to night,
And the sun looked out to see,

That sleepy old Owl, with his orthodox scowl,
As blind as blind could be,
Still cried to the night, with his back to the light,
"O-O-O-O Or-tho-dox-y."

Through the cold morning dew, far away then he flew,
Toward that Heaven where the Orthodox dwell;
But lo, as its light stronger grew on his sight,
To Hades he tumbled and fell;
Till at last as he lit on the gates of the pit,
He cried out of the Orthodox Hell;
"O-O-O-O Or-tho-dox-y."

Now that faith that, forsooth, shuts its eyes to the truth,
Is no sort of feather for me:
For, since nothing is true and heretical too,
You will all with a smile quite agree,
That an orthodox Owl with an orthodox scowl,
Is the midnight of Heresy.

THE BOBOLINK.

A Polyglot.

OVER the crumbs of a Southern camp shaded with
palm and pine,
A company of convivial birds sat down one day to
dine:

While from the trees that leaned about on their uproari-
ous glee,
The more conservative butternuts frowned supercil-
lously.

There were parrots and peewees and nuthatches, and
chickadees and chats;

There were thrashers and cat-birds, and cardinals with
feathers in their hats:

There were redstarts and merles and cedar-birds, and fly-
catchers and crows,
And little Maryland yellow-throats, and grosbeaks and
vireos.

At the head of the table sat the Owl with a sanctimonious
face,
For he seemed with both eyes tightly shut forever saying
grace ;

While, as the dinner was discussed, the Chat cried out,
"What cheer?"
And the Parrot took a mint julip and they all drank black-
berry beer ;

And after they had dined and drunk and each one had
wiped his mouth,
They all began to sing funny songs down there in the
sunny south.

The Titmouse sang, "I will lift up my voice," upside
down, till the birds all roared,
The Blue-jay twanged on his bagpipe, "In mercy hear,
O Lord !"

The Doves billed and cooed in tender strains, "O sweet
is the honey moon ;"
And the Sand-piper bobbed up and down and piped,
"Don't make up your minds too soon."

The Meadow-lark shrilled from a tuft of grass, "I see
you, you can't see me,"
And the Mocking bird sat and mocked them all in the
tall palmetto tree.

When

Up from the thistle-tops out Bobolinkum pops
Shaking his love-calls over the lea,
Freaking and frolicking round in his rollicking,
Now with the butterfly, now with the bee ;
Telling his Northern name till all the birds exclaim
As he breaks up the banquet, " That's Bob ! See
him ! See ! "

See how the mocking-bird bends to that talking-bird,
" No use, mocking-bird, you can't mock me."
Sing till the sunny South rings with thy mellow mouth,
Song bird of Liberty, welcome to thee ;
Sing till the valleys shine with that gay song of thine,
Sing till the leaves laugh outright on the tree ;
Sing till the sunny air, sing till men everywhere,
Sound back thy song thro' the land of the free ;
Singing so airily, flying so fairly
In thy infectious ebullient glee.

Listen now, mocking-bird, to that quick-talking bird,
Here he comes singing to his Southern she,

With

Bobolinkum, bobolinkum, funny, funny, don't you think
him,

Kick your slipper, kick your slipper,

Twee, twee, twee, twee.

What's the matter little lady, sitting there so very shady ?

What Miss Kitty, what Miss Kitty, crying, crying, what
a pity,

Me, me, me, me !

Ha, ha, I discover, she has lately lost her lover,

Never mind dearie, cheer up dearie,

Give me but a loving glance, sing, smile, skip, dance,

Kick your slipper, kick your slipper,

Free, free, free, free.

Ha, ha, Bobolinkum, ha, ha, what you thinkin,

Come Miss Silver Thimble, Thimble, see your dimple,
see your dimple,
Keep a laughing, keep a laughing,
Hee-hee-hee-hee.
Every maid's a little mellow till she gets another fellow.
Come now dearie, cheer up dearie,
You are very, very pretty, come, come Kitty, Kitty,
Over hill and over hollow I'll fly, you follow,
Kick you slipper, kick your slipper,
Tse-tse-tse-tse-tse-tse-tse.

THE ROBIN.

The Morning and the Evening Call.

I T was many and many a moon long ago in lovely
June,
As it lies off in the light of years behind me,
That there lingered by my side, in her beauty and her
pride,
One to whom the thoughts of other days still bind me.
A parting footstep dies down the narrow path that lies
Where the lengthening beam of memory reposes ;
As listening fancy strays through those sunny by-gone
days,
Where the Robins still are singing to the roses,
Singing,
"Cheer-up-up-up, cheer up-up-up."
"Cheerily, cheerily, merrily, merrily."
"Chee, chee, chee, chee, chee."
Lovely, lovely June, O lovely June.
Slowly the long path closes ;
As listening fancy strays through the light of other days,
Those June days of the robins and the roses.

O those happy, happy hours, of the birds and of the
bowers,

Where many and many a morn and eve together,
We wandered up and down just beyond the shady town,
By that silver-ribboned stream in summer weather.
How the air about us rang with the songs the robins sang,
As they looked back at us archly through the closes ;
Where their tilting, pert forms showed on the redbreasts
by the road,

With those long, slow, running hop calls to the roses.

Singing,

" Cheer-up-up-up, cheer-up-up-up,"

" Cheerily, cheerily, merrily, merrily."

" *Chee, chee, chee, chee, chee.*"

Lovely, lovely, June, O lovely June,

Slowly thy green bower closes :

Sadly, sadly, soon, too sadly soon,

She faded with the robins and the roses.

A white hand parts the leaves the opening zephyr weaves,
A fond blush through the rose-light faintly tinges :
As once more by the brook, with that low-lidded look,
I feel those rankling eyes from out their fringes.
Beneath their fancied charms, fond memory folds its arms,
Around the form that yellow shawl encloses :
There comes an evening call, ah, 'tis only, after all,
The Robin's song complaining to the roses.

Singing,

" Cheer-up-up-up, cheer-up-up-up,"

" Dearie, dearie, weary, weary."

Weary of waiting for thee.

Lovely, lovely, June, O lovely June,

Slowly the last leaf closes :

You may take as earth grows chill, you may take whate'er
you will,

But give me back my robins and my roses.

The rose will bloom again for the robin in the glen,
But not for her forever and forever ;
For, far from mortal view, alas, too far she flew,
Too far beyond the ever and the never.
They tell me Heaven is fair, that 'tis always summer there,
That lovely are the forms its light discloses:
But however that may be, it would be no Heaven for me,
No Heaven without my robins and my roses.

Singing,

“ Cheer-up-up-up, cheer-up-up-up,”

“ Cheerily, cheerily, merrily, merrily,”

“ *Chee, chee, chee, chee, chee.*”

Lovely, lovely, June, O lovely June,

Slowly the diin eye closes :

You may take my harp and sing to each thousand-threaded
string,

But give me back my robins and my roses.

THE WINTER WREN.

A Polyglot.

THROUGH the colonades of the poplar glades,
Under an arch of gold :
Up the ivory stair of a palace rare,
At set of sun I strolled.
The folding tent of the firmament
Shut round its crystal cone :
And the organ-stops of the mountain-tops,
Rolled out from its great white throne.
The freezing sleet hung a silvery sheet,
Over each drooping vine :
And the amethyst of the pale blue mist
Bejewelled each spray and spine.
Carved sculptures stood in the wine light wood,
Wrought out without blade or brush ;

And the deepening haze touched the crimsoning glaze
With the twilight of a blush.

The water-fall through its marble hall,
Streamed down its steeps of stone :
And froze as it fell, till each icicle
A sparkling jewel shone.
From its ivory urns, on the fluted ferns,
It scattered its silvery spray ;
Till the sparkling sedge by its lace-fringed ledge
Stooped to kiss it on its way.
It wove the woof of its ice-thatched roof,
Over its muffled march,
As it flowed along with its gurgling song,
Under its crystal arch.
Through its shining glass, as its waters pass,
It laughs in its channelled leap ;
For it says to me, " Ere I reach the sea,
I will sing cold winter to sleep."

The north wind blows from the gates of the snows,
And shatters that gorgeous gloom :
And laughs in loud glee as thro' twig and thro' tree
Crackles each spinulose plume.
The bright crystals blaze on the dazzling glaze,
The white dust cuts and curls :
And I stand where the shout of its splendor breaks out
In a thunder-shower of pearls.
The glaciers crash and the torrents dash,
Far down through the echoing glen :
When sudden and strong bursts that wonderful song,
The song of the Winter Wren.

Flitting through the brush heap,
Scattering the snow ;

Now on this side, now on that,
 Which I hardly know.
 Here, there, everywhere,
 Darting to and fro ;
 In the bush, the tree, the air,
 Ho-hi-ho !
 With his wondrous little ditty,
 O so wise and O so witty,
 " Hurry up, hurry up."
 " Who are you ? ho, hi, how de do, good bye,
 " Good bye sorrow, come to-morrow, bring care, I wont
 be there.
 " Look before and look behind me,
 " Look, but you will never find me.
 " Dart, fly, zip, buzz, I am never where I was ;
 " 'Ts, 'ts, that's my ditty, 'ts, 'ts, I'm a witty,
 " Wree, wree, witty, witty, wree, wree, wren,
 " *Rheet, rheet, rheet, rheet, rheet.*"

Shaking out the hoar-frost
 In a crimson cloud :
 From the rustling brier-bush,
 By the snow-drift bowed ;
 Such a tiny little bird,
 Yet so pert and proud,
 Here, there, everywhere,
 Singing long and loud.
 With his wondrous little ditty,
 O so chatty, O so chitty :
 " Hurry up, hurry up ;
 " Still lingering, since when ? good bye, here I am again,
 " Though you looked so broken-hearted, that I stopped
 before I started,
 " All day whittling, whittling, whittling,
 " I am large if but a littling ;

"Where am I? don't know where, here I am, exact!y there.

"Look before and look behind me ;

"Look, but you will never find me.

"'Ts, 'ts, that's my ditty, 'ts, 'ts, chatty, chitty,

"Wree, wree, witty, witty, wree, wree, wren,

"*Tseet, tseet, tseet, tseet, tseet.*"

Wondrous little creature,

What a flood of soul,

Swells within his bosom,

Comes without control.

What a tiny traveller,

Thus from pole to pole,

Trilling o'er two continents,

Trilling out his troll.

With his clever little ditty, O so chirp and O so chitty.

"Hurry up, hurry up.

"Well, well, you here yet, sorry, mated 'fore we met ;

"Good bye, Kitty, don't sorrow, find another Wren to-morrow ;

"Look before and look behind me,

"Look, but you will never find me ;

"When will I see you again, can't say exactly when ;

"Don't press me any more,

"I've a wife in Labrador ;

"'Ts, 'ts, Kitty, Kitty, 'ts, 'ts, what a pity,

"Wree, wree, witty, witty, wree, wree, wren.

"Wit, wit, wit-i-ta-te, wit, wit, wit-i-ta-te,

"What a pity ! what a pity !

"*Weet, weet, weet, weet, weet, weet.*"

THE ORIOLE.

"Name"

ON the green knoll whose smooth slopes gentle slowly
Round all its spacious realm :
Towered up out of the twilight, hushed and holy,
The spreading elm.

The white fog lifts about its form so lately
Bowed by the midnight blast,
Till on the sky, a tall cathedral stately,
It loomed at last.

Through its huge trunk each gnarled Herculean muscle,
As through a tunic shows,
While round its tops not e'en a breath doth rustle
Its hushed repose.

Sublimed with architecture, strong and solemn,
A true cathedral tree,
Swift nave and transept, groined arch and column,
In it I see.

Through its touched leaf-harps swept by featly fingers,
Full many an air-bell tolls :
And when the night winds' diapason lingers,
The organ rolls.

Like a stained window through its storied splendor
Rounds the red sun at dawn :
And leafy quiets, tremulously tender,
Dapple the lawn.

In its cool shadow on the sunlight playing,
Rocking at airy rest,
Hung from a fine spray like a hammock swaying,
A pensile nest.

Tossed on the torn blast and the bright veined lightning
That struck the tall elm dead :
Still there it hung when the blue morn was bright'ning,
Upon a thread.

And lo, a bird sprang out, all hued with heaven,
Winged seraph of the soul :
Telling its name, the sweetest name e'er given,
The " Oriole."

The water lily lifts its head and listening,
Opens its waxen urn :
The dewy diamonds on the sumach glistening
To blushes turn.

Tinct as a love-song lisped in Tuscan Latin,
Atilt the springing spray :
With swelling throat it poured its mellow matin,
And flew away.

Thus, O my God, in some dark, wild affliction,
That breaks across my breast :
Beneath the shadow of thy benediction,
My soul would rest.

What bolt can strike the bird whose nest is swinging
From thunder-blasted tree ?
What shaft can pierce the soul whose hopes are clinging
Struck Christ, to thee ?

Serene, when all the storms of night are clanging,
Secure, in levin death :
Though from God's finger all thy hopes are hanging
Upon a breath.

THE HERMIT THRUSH.

(Song, with running accompaniment by the stream.)

SILENTLY down the mountain's crown,
The silver-threaded streamlet rushes ;
As o'er the steep with channelled leap,
Its liquid laughter softly gushes.

From many a shrine, its rocked-brewed wine
Froths through the deep white darkness foaming,
Till in its cup it crimson up,
In the red rose-light of the gloaming.

Round cliff and crag and snarling snag,
Coquetting with fantastic caper,
Upon its spray the rainbows play,
Through curling wreaths of cloudy vapor.

Its showers of pearls it brightly hurls,
Over its clustering vine-clad ledges :
Above whose rock the ouzel-cock
Struts proudly in its plashy sedges.

From lin to lin shut darkly in,
With evergreens and drooping larches :
It loves to hide with languid glide,
Along its minster-aisles of arches.

By rainy falls it loudly brawls,
Over its beds of winking pebbles :
To breathe across its velvet moss,
The flutter of its flute-like trebles.

The gravel glows, as onward flows
Its rush of waters, fast and faster :
Around whose urns in splendor burns
The golden-rod and starry aster.

With blood-stained lips the wild beast dips
Its streaming dew-laps softly on it :

And by its brink crouched down to drink,
Growls at its visage glassed upon it.

Through rocky rifts its rumour drifts,
Through cowslip and thro' cress it passes,

As with sweet glints of peppermints,
It gurgles through the meadow grasses.

Till dropping down by thorpe and town,
And painted skiff and lighted tiller :

Its currents steal by rumbling wheel,
And sing to sleep the dusty miller.

And still it strays through slopes of maize,
And alder trees and willowy fringes,

With many a sheet of waving wheat,
Whose golden tufts the Autumn tinges.

Now looking back upon its track,
Through field and forest on it flashes,

The while it fades through deepening shades
Of murmuring pines and sombre ashes.

Till sable-stoled at length it rolled
Down a deep vale, where, softly thrilling,

Hidden but heard, there sang a bird,
To its sweet murmurs sweetly trilling,

Trilling :

"Hear me, O hear me, O twittering Vireo,

"Up in the top of the tree :

"Singing at noon and at night, O so cheery-o,

"Cheery-o, cheery-o, chee."

" You must come down from the branch where you dally,
When the long night shadows creep :
" Come down at last to thy nest in the valley,
Down in the valley so deep,
" The shadowy valley, the dim-lighted valley,
The Valley of Rest and of Sleep."

Weep waters, whisper sables, sighing, softly sighing,
To the dancing and the glancing of your beam,
Sing throstle, waken murmurs dying, softly dying,
To the gurgle, gurgle, gurgle of the stream,
Trilling, tr-tr-tr-tr-tr, trilling r-r-r-r-r,
To the trilling and the rilling of the stream :

" Hear me, O hear me, O light hearted Vireo,
Up in the top of the tree :
" Singing in sun and in shower, O so cheery-o,
Cheery-o, cheery-o, chee."

" Sing your gay song in the sun's golden gladness :
But as its light disappears,
" Thou too shalt feel the deep spirit of sadness,
That steals through the Valley of Years,
" The deep silent valley, the still growing valley,
The Valley of Sadness and Tears."

Weep waters, whisper sables, sighing, sadly sighing
To the waver and the quaver of your gleam,
Sing throstle, waken murmurs, dying, sadly dying,
To the gurgle, gurgle, gurgle of the stream,
Trilling, tr-tr-tr-tr-tr, rilling, r-r-r-r-r,
To the trilling and the rilling of the stream :

" Hear me, O hear me, O life-loving Vireo,
Up in the top of the tree :
" Singing from morning till night, O so cheery-o,
Cheery-o, cheery-o, chee."

"Hear me, bright bird, on the branch where you dally,
 Hear what the Hermit Thrush saith :
 "You must come down, dear, to die in the valley,
 With its cold wavering breath ;
 "The cold growing valley, the still growing valley,
 The gurgling Valley of Death."

Weep waters, whisper sables, sighing, sadly sighing,
 To the gurgle, gurgle, gurgle of the stream :
 Sing mavis, waken murmurs, dying, sadly dying,
 To the chickle and the trickle of the stream.
 Trilling, tr-tr-tr-tr-tr, rilling, r-r-r-r-r,
 To the trilling and the rilling of the stream.

THE LONG TAILED CHAT.

A Polyglot.

CUNNING little chatterer, fulsome little flatterer,
 Whispering up and down the woody streets ;
 Ghosting through the greenery, flitting thro' the scenery
 Of the hot and glowing summer heats :
 Haunting meadows heathery, shadow faint and feathery,
 Twittering out its bushy little tweets ;
 Saucy little suavity, grotesque little gravity,
 Garrulously every bird it greets ;
 Thus, with curt loquacity and superb audacity,
 Crying, as another Chat it meets :
 "Eh ? eh ? so they say,
 "So says I, says she to me, 'tis says I, 'tis not says she,
 "Why says I ? *because* says she, faith says I, I see, I see.
 "Stop I says, says I to her, stop says I, says she what
 for ?
 "Who told you ? says I, says she, mum he says, says he
 to me,

" Tell me what he says, says I, swear says she, I will
says I.

" Whiz-z-z-per." " Whiz-z-z-per."

" 'Ts says I, 'ts, 'ts says she, so, says I, 'tis so, says she,

" Eh ? eh ? so they say !"

So they fly by field and fen, gossiping again, again,
Gossiping their little lives away.

There's a human chatterer, a pirouetting flatterer,
Bowling down along Life's busy streets,
Flaunting out its flummery, mouthing out its mummery,
Stopping everybody that it meets,
As with glib verbosity born of curiosity,
Confidentially each one it greets,
And with great propriety, step-mother to piety,
Chatters where the sewing circle meets.
And with smooth rotundity and immense profundity,
Chatters at the town election heats.
While with sleek felicity, double-mouthed duplicity,
Something of this nothing it repeats.

" Whew ! Heavens ! aint it hot ? heard the news ? no,
what ?

" Eh ? eh ? so they say ;

" So says I, says he to me, 'tis says I, 'tis not says he,

" Why says I, *boodle* says he, faith says I, I see, I see.

" Stop I says, says I to him, stop says I. say he, what
Tim ?

" Who told you, says I ? says he, mum's the word was
tipped to me,

" Tell me what it is, says I ? swear says he, I will says I.

" Whiz-z-z-per." " Whiz-z-z-per."

" Eh ? eh ? *so they say.*"

" 'Tis says I, too bad says he, so says I, 'tis so says he,"

So they twig with tongue and pen, and so go men,
Gossiping immortal lives away.

THE CANARY.

Bird of My Lady.

ONE at her lattice with countenance dimmed and de-
jected,
Leant a fair lady who anxiously watched for her lord :
Sadly she wept, as she sat there, all night long neglected,
While with gay laughter he bent o'er the banquetting
board.

Sadly she dreamed of her home on the hillside so pleasant,
As it lay off in the light of the beautiful Past :
Deeply she dipt through the vague and the purposeless
Present,
Into the Future, as o'er her its shadow was cast.

Round her cool casement the roses their odor-balms
squandered ;
She looked out, she listened, " he cometh, he cometh,"
she said ;
Lightly a step up the white gravelled walk slowly wandered,
'Twas but a leaf, as it crisped by, the footstep had fled.

Loosely the latch through the shade-bordered shubberry
clattered,
Fancy once more sees a form at the opening gate :
'Twas but a wind-shaken shadow the bright moonlight
flattered.
" Ah me !" she sigheth, " my lord tarries late, tarries late."

Over the high rounded trellis the long vines hung flapping,
" Hark ! 'tis his knock, well I know it," she drowsily cries :
" Dear "—but the hand dies away to a tremulous tapping.
Thy lord will not come till the light telling lark doth arise.

Down at her feet falls the shattered red cup-rose above her,

"Love's wine is spilt," moaneth she in the light of the
moon :

Sweet lady, sweet, left alone there with no one to love her,
How hath the blush of thy beauty all withered too soon.

Close by the Countess there swung on its perch a Canary,
Drinking her tears in the dream of its delicate sleep :
Bird of my Lady, sleep's angel, so light and so airy,
Wake little bird, wake and sing, while thy mistress doth
weep.

THE CANARY.

Dainty as the jewel drops that tinkle at her ear,
Carols the delicate Canary ;
Dreamy as the dewy thoughts that tremble in her tear,
Carols the delicate Canary ;
Drops, drops, carol drops, ruby drops, bubble drops,
Breaking in the throat of the Canary ;
As it splashes in the bath with its silver aftermath,
Till the purling waterfall, trickles down its crystal call,
Trickles down the throat of the Canary ;
Till it purls, purls, purls, with its capers and its curls,
Till it tosses up its spray, till it trills upon its way,
Trilling down the throat of the Canary.
What an exquisite musician, what a marvellous magician,
On the finger of the Countess that Canary,

Singing :

" Sweet, sweet, lady, sweet, sweet, lady,
" Tell me all your troubles, lady, they shall turn to bubbles,
lady,
" Drops, drops, tear drops, beautiful bright tear drops,
" Hear them tremble, hear them shake as the little bubbles
break,
" As I swing, swing, swing, as I sing, sing, sing,
" Till those tears within my throat turn with every liquid
note

"To drops, drops, bubble drops, ruby drops, carol drops,
"That trickle down the throat of the Canary,
"And I drink their little stars as they twinkle thro' my
bars,
"Till they twinkle in the song of the Canary."

THE CHIPPIE AT THE SPRING.

Chip-ip-ip-ip.

I love it, I love it, the clear gushing spring,
Round whose heart the black roots of the oak fondly
cling;

With its cold noon-day dew and its eyebrowing ledge,
And the little tin cup that hangs over the edge,
And that one star that always at night used to shine
In its heart, like the eye of its Maker in mine,
And the green spotted lizard that lazily drones,
And the water that tinkles in musical tones,
That oozes and bubbles and trickles and splashes,
That gushes and sparkles and foams up and flashes,
That dances and ripples and patters and splashes
In beautiful crystals that break on the stones,

The musical, magical stones.

And the birds sing above and the springs sing below,
Through the long summer days as they come and they go,
With a chip—ip—ip—to the drip—ip—ip—ip
Of the water, cold water, the beautiful water,
That laughs and that sighs and that smiles and that moans,
As it tinkles and chinkles in silvery tones,
Under and out of and over the stones,

The wet, mossy stones.

The path that led to it, that winds down the hill;
The forms that once knew it, I see them all still;
And the little white dove of that dear hand of thine,

That one fair summer eve made its soft nest in mine ;
And the milkmaid, the pitcher, the path-dripping pails,
And the cold sweating cans on the brass-headed nails ;
And the dairy that keeps it all sweet in my dream,
With its butter and berries and melon and cream ;
But dearer to me as it murmurs around
Is the water that ripples with silvery sound,
That eddies and echoes and gushes and tinkles,
That whispers and gossips and titters and twinkles,
As over the coping it chimes and it chinkles
 In beautiful crystals that break and that bound
 Brewed out of cold rock in the ground.
And the birds sing above and the springs sing below,
In the oak's swaying shadow that rocks to and fro,
With a chip—ip—ip—ip, to the drip—ip—ip—ip
Of the water, cold water, the beautiful water,
That wells up with strong inspiration profound,
In sunlight and moonlight for ever around,
 The green, grassy ground.

There the harvesters rest in the heat of the day,
While the team in the red furrow wistfully neigh.
There the swishing tailed cows stand with mouths all
 astream,
And the little brown birds come to wash in its gleam ;
There the strawberry-girl stops at evening to drink ;
And the poet reclines with his book on its brink ;
There the school children bathe off their face and their
 hands,
And the speckled trout sleeps on the gold gravelly sands ;
And the fowls of the field pant with half-lifted wings
For the water, cold water, that calls from the springs ;
That calls and that smiles, that baptizes and blesses,
All who come like the oak it so fondly caresses,
As it cools round my heart with its green water cresses,

While back to my memory it quietly brings
A thousand most beautiful things.
Still the birds sing above and the springs sing below,
And they sing just the same as they sang long ago ;
With that chip—ip—ip—ip, to the drip—ip—ip—ip
Of the water, cold water, the beautiful water,
That calls and that weeps, and that whispers and sings,
And oh! how my heart round that old fountain clings,
As I listen once more to the birds at the springs,
The musical, magical springs.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

The Hover-song.

FROM summer lands of song I stray,
From grots of love and lory ;
From tropic islands far away,
And birds of gorgeous glory.

By shattered cliffs and shining capes,
That fret the clouds' bright edges :
I dag the darkly pouting grapes,
That purple round their edges.

I build my wondrous nest afar,
I fly and none may follow ;
And streaming like a falling star
That slides o'er hill and hollow,

I hover, hover, closely round
The honey-suckle covers ;
There's many a song of sweeter sound,
But ne'er a song that hovers.

I drink the dawn when flowers unfold
At morn each dewy petal:
I sip its wine of airy gold,
I sip, but never settle.

I rouse the dragon butterfly
From out his cups, half drunken,
I shake the bee as I tilt by,
Within the blossom sunken.

I take the light that morning flings,
I catch the dew drop's chrysm:
Till all the tints upon my wings
Reflect the changing prism.

The soft hues of the opal shine,
The sapphire bright and sunny:
And now the topaz gleam is mine,
And now the chalcedony.

Beneath the bower of lady fair,
I hang 'mid leafy twitter,
A wingless jewel of the air,
That at her ear doth glitter.

To hover, hover, where the round
Red trumpet creeper listens;
There's many a song of sweeter sound,
But ne'er a song that glistens.

But when the scarlet pimpernel,
With its unfailing warning,
Shuts to the coming shower its bell,
Just opened at the morning.

I drop my low sweet hover-song,
With which the air is humming ;
And, darting upward swift and strong,
To show that rain is coming,

I dash down from that dizzy height,
With pinions loudly whirring,
Till with my headlong, rushing flight,
I set the thicket stirring.

And when the reeling shower is past,
And, brightly on my vision,
Swept by the trumpets of the blast,
Shines out the blue Elysian,

I hover, hover, all day long,
The honeysuckle under,
And still will sound the hover-song,
When dies the deafening thunder.

THE LITTLE OVEN BIRD.

"Teacher, Teacher, Teacher, Teacher, Teacher."

DOWN the deep cleft the silver-saddled torrent
With twinkling footsteps fled ;
From whose mad leap the gorge, with frown abhorrent,
Shrank back in shuddering dread.

Ghostly and tall, with sun-tipped plumes, stood, smiling,
The poplar colonnade :
Like a slow train of dusky chieftains filing
Down the still glade.

Down, flashing down through the tossed sunshine spraying,
Over the trickling scarp :

Its rumour grew to a soft echo straying
From an æolian harp.

Down, dropping down thro' beds of roaring boulders,
With flecks of yeasty foam :
Round the green rocks where purpling moss plush
moulders
Its eddying currents roam.

Down, swiftly down with fiery trails it plunges,
Through many a jutting cleft :
Torn on the crags as love where passion lunges,
By rude emotions reft.

The while with rage it grinds its teeth and gnashes,
By splintering needles racked ;
And tosses up its wild white arms and crashes
Into the cataract :

Whence, lost at last, in the dim caverns hiding,
Under its rocky stair :
Still down it goes with sullen plunge, down-gliding
Into a dark despair.

Till, where no wandering ray hath ever kissed it,
No star hath struck its spark :
Save, for a thread of sound, at length I missed it,
Down in the dark.

Emblem, methought of human life descending,
Its step worn stairs of stone ;
Through many a dark and death-cold chamber wending
Its downward way alone.

'Twas thus I poured upon the days departed,
Against the westering glow ;
When o'er the cliff a wee-bird dimly darted,
Down through the gloom below.

Headlong it dashed thro' those black depths appalling
With flashing pinions pressed ;
Till, far below, into a hemlock falling,
It dropt upon its nest.

The while a voice from that dear little creature,
That made my poor eyes fill ;
Cried, "*Teacher, Teacher, Teacher, Teacher, Teacher,*"
And in the dark grew still.

And lo! before me in the distance shining,
From the Black Cave of night ;
The river wound as daylight was declining-
Through the drawn gates of *light*.

THE CLIFF SWALLOW.

The Twitter-song, as heard in Fingal's Cave of Echoes.

I N a rocky cave resplendent hung with many a glittering pendant,
All along its arch of rainbows where the traveller loves to stray :
Where the slender frost-ferns quiver, and the silver all-nights shiver,
Runs the sweet æolian river as it winds upon its way,
To its labyrinthian lay,
To the sounding of the surges tossing up their drops of spray ;
Listen, for so liquidly, so liquidly they play.
Here, there, everywhere, all about the answering air,

Distant choirs of echoes chaunting their antiphonary prayer,
From the statue-like stalactites standing in their niches
there.

Echoes, echoes, echoes flying,
All about the stillness dying,
Still repeating, still replying,
Still they ring ;

Listen, for so liquidly, so liquidly they ring,
From the spray-drops, echoing spray-drops, to the sea
birds as they sing.

Through the pillared grotto brimming, darting, little birds
go skimming,
In the deep perspective dimming slowly down its marble
hall:

And faint peals of twittering laughter, ringing back from
roof and rafter,
Sound about its walls long after they have vanished one
and all.

Far beyond our loud recall,
Voices of departed spirits echoing through the jasper
wall.

Listen, for so airily, so fairly they fall,
Here, there, everywhere, ambered in the haunted air,
Sound the twitter-songs of swallows echoing up the wind-
ing stair,

And each echoing sound an echo waking countless echoes
there.

Echoes, echoes, echoes flying,
Up and down the river dying,
Still repeating, still replying,
Still they fall ;

Listen, for so airily, so fairly they fall,
To the pebbles, echoing pebbles, as they wash against the
wall.

Deep within those caverns gliding, deeper all within them
hiding,

Save the small white fishes sliding eyelessly all to and fro:
Near and nearer sounds the splashing of the waters dash-
ing, dashing,

As some blundering rock goes crashing at the loosening
torrents flow,

With reverberating blow,

Down, down, down the echoing chasm, down a thousand
feet below.

Listen, for so wondrously, so thundrously they grow,
Here, there, everywhere, more than mortal ear can bear,
Scream the cormorants in their caverns like a lion in its
lair ;

Through whose awful hell of waters sounds the echo-
twitter there.

Echoes, echoes, echoes flying,
All about the arches dying,
Still repeating, still replying,
Still they sound.

Listen, for so wondrously, so thundrously they sound,
To the echoes, waking echoes, under water, under ground.

'Tis a splendid incrustation of thine own imagination
In the Cave of Contemplation wrapt with dazzling dark-
ness o'er :

Through whose solemn deep dejection, swept by tides of
recollection,

All the sounds of lost affection, lost, yet living as before,
Echo, echo, evermore ;

Everything in life the echo of some vanished thing of
yore.

Listen, for so chillingly, so thrillingly they pour.
Here, there, everywhere, after sorrow, after care,
After each lost hope that crashes down the chasms of
despair,

In the beating heart resounding comes the after echo
there.

Grief in death-cold chambers crying,
Beauty in a dark room dying,
Love beside an old tomb sighing,

Still they sound,
Listen, for so thrillingly, so chillingly they sound,
To the music, echoing music, under water, under ground.

THE SCREECH OWL.

"O-o-o-o-o that I never had been born."

I N the still night, along the northern lakes,
On yon gray oak, through which the blasts have torn,
Sits the small screech Owl and the silence breaks

With the soft whinney of his elfin horn ;
Crying in tones so dolefully forlorn ;
"O-o-o-o-o that I never had been bor-n-n-n-n-n,
"Never had been bor-n-n-n-n-n,
"Been bor-n-n-n-n-n,
"Bor-n-n-n-n-n."

But hark ! as that despairing dole sounds out,
Full many another on the ear is borne ;
Till on this side and that and all about,
Unnumbered melancholy spectres mourn,
As if tired out of life my hopes to warn ;
"O-o-o-o-o that I never had been bor-n-n-n-n-n,
"Never had been bor-n-n-n-n-n,
"Been bor-n-n-n-n-n,
"Bor-n-n-n-n-n."

And oh how often are those sad words said,
By the great weary world, all overworn ;

How many a life that wishes it were dead,
Or wishes, all in vain, from night till morn,
With that cold owl of satire and of scorn;
"O-o-o-o-o that I never had been bor-n-n-n-n-n,
"Never had been bor-n-n-n-n-n,
"Been bor-n-n-n-n-n,
"Bor-n-n-n-n-n."

THE PEACOCK.

"*Whe—w !*"

SLOW by threes and fours and single strolled the
people through the park,
Slow by lake and swarded circle dropped the shadows to
the dark :
Where a-shade the dewy moonlight with its undulating
grace,
Elegantly trailed the Peacock, shrilling all about the
place :

"*Whe—w !*"

Shimmering down the breezy hollows where its training
pathway shone,
The green rapids of the grasses ran in ripples, silver-
blown ;
Round each dainty footstep breaking, till the gently
billowing green,
Echoed with the oscillations of its satin-rustling sheen :

"*Whe—w !*"

Down the lawn it brushed in beauty like a duchess in
her train,
As it spread its fan of feathers on me with superb
disdain :

To itself, the while exclaiming, as it craned its head
askance,
At the forms its eye encountered, of its plumed extravagance:

"Whe—w!"

By the bird with strut and simperswept two shadows o'er
the scene,
Single spy-glass, dress æsthetic, both so soulfully serene:
"Ah," said he, "perfectly lovely," "ah," said she,
"languorously lush,"
And I heard the Peacock screaming to their idiotic
gush:

"Whe—w!"

"Darling—speak—I love, I love you, every minute,
mo-ah and mo-ah,
"Love but you the last of many as I never loved
be-fo-ah,
"As I ne'ah have loved be-fo-ah, and as I ne'ah can love
again,
"Speak but that one word, my darling," and the Peacock
spoke just then:

"Whe—w!"

Close behind them came a parson, cogitating as he came:
"My belief in inspiration is plenarily the same,
"If the whale had swallowed Jonah, or (hiccoughs) Jo-
nah the whale,"
"Whew!" exclaimed the Peacock, "that one tops my
oriental tale":

"Whe—w!"

Next there passed a weather prophet closely followed by
the crowd,

"For the week to come fair weather," slowly then a
cone-shaped cloud,
Rose up black from out the ocean; 'twas a cyclone on
its track;

"Hurry up, old fool," cried Pavis, "take the cars for
Hackensack."

"*Whe—w !*"

Last of all, a woman, also, tricked out in the latest
style,

Turned by an enormous tiller, shingled dress and steepled
tile :

And she said unto the Peacock, "cap that climax if you
can."

"Whew !" replied the drooping Peacock, as it folded up
its fan :

"*Whe—w !*"

Side by side, in withering contrast, down the sward they
swept apace,

Trailing bird and wobbling woman, one deformity, one
grace :

Till, at length, the crested Peacock drawing back dis-
dainfully,

Said, with look that beggared language : "Man made
you, but God made me."

THE COW-BIRD.

"*Come to me.*" "*Come to me.*"

WHEN the silver sickle of the crescent moon,
Has cut down the topping stars;
And the misty gray on the meadow falls,
O happy are the cattle when the cow-boy calls,
At the clatter of the chestnut bars ;

With a hoi there ! Lightfoot, and a hoi there ! Whitefoot
 With a hoi up ! hoi there ! hoi there !
As he cracks the tip of his larruping whip,
 With a whoi up ! whoi there ! whoi there !
 At the clatter of the chestnut bars.
But hark, as the voice of the drover dies,
To the Cow-bird as over the meadow he cries,
With a "come to me, come to me, come now,"
As he calls to the pack from the leaders back,
 With a "come to me, come," and O how
Happy is the Cow-bird when the loud rails fall,
At the clatter of the bar-posts call.

Through the hot summer day from lark till late,
 Near the cattle that bird is seen :
For him no child, no nest, no mate,
No happy little prattle of the brood that wait
 For his coming in the gapeing green.
Through the legs of Lightfoot and the legs of Whitefoot,
 As the muddy hoofs, stamp there, stamp there,
He struts in and out as he picks all about
 The gadflies down by the swamp there
 From the cattle as he walks between.
But hark ! as the herd at the crossing drink,
How the Cow-bird calls from the further brink,
With a "come over, come over, come now,"
As they stand in the cool of the shady pool,
 With a "come over, come," and O how
Noisy is the Cow-bird when the bulls are gored
At the crossing of the huddled ford.

But at dusk when the straggling herds clang home,
 To the music of the milking pails,
And the cool lush dew on the clover falls,
And the soft clear song of the milkmaid calls,
 At the clatter of the chestnut rails.

With a cush, cush, Lightfoot, and a cush, cush, Whitefoot,
With a cush cow, cush cow, cush cow,
And the shepherd dog barks in the brindled darks,
With a bow—wow—wow—wow—wow—wow,
And the cattle low up the poplar row,
With a loo-oo there, and a moo-oo there,
At the clatter of the pasture rails,
Then hark, as the song of the milkmaid dies,
To the Cow-bird as after the cattle he cries,
With a cow—cow, come back, cow—cow,
As he follows the train up the long drawn lane,
With a come back, come ; and O, how
Lonely is the Cow-bird, when the cowbell fails,
At the clatter of the pasture rails.

THE SONG SPARROW.

"Sweet, sweet, sweet—bitter."

THE old scholar sat in his study door,
As the rays of the setting sun
Streamed faintly in on the oaken floor,
And faded one by one,
And he thought of the days that were no more,
And his life that was nearly done.

He thought of the gay and laughing bride,
Of the baby gone to sleep ;
He thought of the little boy that died
And the love that love could not keep ;
And a large slow tear-drop as he sighed,
Down his face began to creep.

His white hair crisped in the cool soft breeze,
His countenance was wise,

His Bible lay open on his knees,
And his spectacles shone on his eyes,
And he looked as holy as one who sees
The light of Paradise.

About him lay covered with fingered dust
Huge time-eaten tomes of art ;
And curiosos from book and bust
Seemed into life to start ;
And relics of literary lust,
And strays of the human heart.

Long had the scholar sought in vain
From book and glass and ground,
To thread the clue to life's tangled skein
Of mystery profound,
For though he had tried and tried again,
That clue he had never found.

'Twas thus as he sat in that serious frame,
While the sun his picture took ;
That a small brown bird through the window came,
And lit on a vellumed book,
And read on its back great Shakespeare's name ;
And the old man turned to look.

"Tell me," the spectacled scholar cried,
"What is life, oh little bird ?"
"*Sweet, sweet, sweet, bitter,*" the bird replied,
And said not another word ;
"Such a summing up of life," he sighed,
"I have never read or heard."

THE BELTED KINGFISHER.

"Khlick, khlick, khlick, khlick, khlick."

THE belted Kingfisher with blowzy cap,
By the crisp lake,
Moped all day long with many a nod and nap
Upon a stake.

The dipping swallows lightly skim the pool,
Tangled with tods;
Where, with her chicks, the purple gallinule
Runs on the lily pods.

On the broad beach the snowy Egret stands,
Curvetting low:
Bathing the fish upon the twinkling sands,
Fastidiously slow.

The while with head half in the water sunk,
On bird-tracked downs,
The thudding "punk a gonk," "a gonk a wunck"
Of the stake-driver sounds;

Till, lifting out I saw its long legs trail,
Askirt the stream;
Where ran, with "creck, creck, creck," the water rail,
A spindling gleam.

The careful turnstone frets the shingly shoals,
That lip the lee;
The dryad toad along its border doles
Its peevish little dree.

The purple martin snaps the zig-zag bee,
The king-bird dives:
And with its hot, low, teeming tenantry,
The forest hives.

The showy redstart, length the leafy skirts,
That braid the vale,
Opens and shuts, with restless sidelong flirts,
Its whizzing tail.

Down to the sea gleams out the creeks smooth glass
With silvery sheen :
Through the rank sedge that tops the meadow grass,
Fringed with dark green.

On the bright gravel by the gated sluice,
The minnows spawn :
While sandy eddies round with snary ruse,
The stupid prawn.

Luckless the fish that dares from out the dark,
That tell-tale stream :
Lightning the flash that spares no shining mark,
'Thwart the slant beam.

Behold ! what charm has fired that fisher's eye ?
That bristling crest ?
See ! in the sun a fish glides slowly by,
With speckled breast.

Swift as the shaft that flies the hunter's bow,
Through the struck hart :
Straight out of sight with splashless dive below,
I saw him dart.

Sudden the glassy spot grew still as death,
Drowned in suspense,
Where, in the lake, that bird still held its breath,
Till rising thence.

Lo! with a freshling glittering in its beak,
I saw him take,
With that cold chuckle, "khlick, khlick, khlick, khlick,
khlick,"
His old seat on the stake.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

"Hope, hope, hope ever, hope ever, hope on."

[LANGUIDLY the summer wind whispers thro' the
leaves,
"Listen," "Listen ;"
Where their murmurous edges meet underneath the
eaves,
Listen, Listen ;
Listen to the stolen sips of their lancillated lips :
Listen to the kissing of the leaves.

In the still and solemn night thro' the darksome glade,
Listen, Listen,
As the slowly rising moon shimmers thro' the shade,
Listen, Listen ;
Listen to the Nightingale, down the dimly lighted vale,
Singing in the melancholy shade.

Come, ye travel-stained of earth, at its lustrous call,
Listen, Listen,
To that splendid Queen of Song, in night's jewel-hall,
Listen, Listen ;
From your castles and your crags, listen riches, listen rags,
Listen for the music is for all.

Does the poet crave a song, here's one dipped in dew,
Listen, Listen ;

Does the thinker want a thought, here's one grand and
new,

Listen, Listen ;

Listen, till the song it sings, freshly as a fountain springs,
Listen, till that fountain springs in you.

Softly in the leafy cage of the ilex-tree,

Listen, Listen

To that rich contralto shake caroling on the sea,

Listen, Listen ;

Listen, as it sinks and swells, while upon the moon it
dwells,

Listen to the singer by the sea.

Singing :

" Night, Night, Spirit of Night !

" Pensively o'er me thy presence is stealing ;

" Under the spell of thy love-waking light,

" Ecstasy thrills in each tremulous feeling.

" Darkly the hopes of the past are declining,

" Dimly the present lies withered and wan ;

" Bright on the future the full moon is shining,

" Hope, hope, hope ever, hope ever, hope on."

" Night, night, shadowy night !

" Dark with the mantles that death hath dropped o'er us ;

" Many the sails that have vanished from sight,

" Many the souls that have passed on before us.

" Out of the ocean the full orb emerges,

" Out of the darkness arises the dawn :

" Stretch your white arms to us over the surges,

" Hope, hope, hope ever, hope ever, hope on."

" Night, night, beautiful night !

" Still to her lost sun the lone moon is clinging ;

" Darkness is only the shadow of light,

" Song of the Lark in the Nightingale's singing.
 " Still though in dream dies each splendid endeavor,
 " Though all thou hoped for on this earth be gone :
 " Sing on thy far alone Island forever,
 " Hope of the hopeless, hope ever, hope on."
 Ever, Ever,
 " Wake lark, O wake lark, by lake and by lawn,"
 Ever-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r, Ever-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r,
 " Hope, hope, hope ever, hope ever, hope on."

THE GREAT BLUE HERON.

I N the green glimpse the Great Blue Heron stood,
 With one leg drowned back in its plumaged breast :
 Against the lighted opening of the wood,
 Couched in its dream of revery and rest.

Coldly across its foot the currents break
 In glassy rings on the smooth trap-rock's bed :
 While with the breeze the tide-marked rushes shake,
 And that one long plume streaming from its head.

In the red sun a wild white rose bush snowed,
 And where the glint of rustling waters sprang,
 Just off beyond a lovely landscape showed,
 With waving flags and birds that gaily sang.

And wastes of sunny wheat whose billows broke
 With shadowy winds that o'er them darkly rolled ;
 Where the tanned reaper swung with rhythmic stroke
 His scythe a-swath its wake of foamy gold.

While in the distance flashing to the west,
 Across the sea with its white line of sand :
 A kindling pathway caught from crest to crest,
 Lengthening afar into the heavenly land.

With eyes half closed on all this lovely scene,
And leaden nod, the drowsy Heron hung :
The shadowy rolls of cloud that swept the green,
The tossing docks, the songs the sea-birds sung,

The Infinite that broadened on his eye,
The eager voices calling at his ear :
All these were lost on that dull apathy
That nods and nods, nor turns to see or hear.

Emblem, methought, of the immortal soul,
That through some glimpse in gloried moment given,
Beholds by faith the cloudy gates unroll,
And sees beyond the prophesy of heaven.

And waving hands and beckonings of light,
And shadowy rolls of deep cloud-openings rare :
The while with hern-dropt eyes and half closed sight,
Hope folds its Condor wings in clipt despair.

Green woodland glimpse that lights a Heron's dream,
What if so fair this side of heaven we see,
Whose gated sun is but a fading gleam,
What must the splendor of the other be ?

THE FLY-CATCHER.

"Stay there," "Take care," "Beware."

THERE sat a small bird on a thorn,
Catching flies in the cobweby air :
That called out in the early morn
To the farmer's son at the share,
As he passed by ploughing his corn,
"Stay there, young man, stay there."

And the Flycatcher sang him this warning song,
Far over the furrows so clear and strong ;
" O you'll be all right young man just as long,
 " Just as long as you only stay there,
 " Stay there."

The farmer's son passed next day,
A little the worse for wear :
For he had been down, by the way,
Last night to the County Fair ;
And the Flycatcher said to the gay,
Young man, " take care, take care ;"
" Don't go to the races where gamblers are made,
" Don't try to be thought a bright book-making blade,
" For you'll be all right if you'll stick to your trade,
 " Just as long as you only, take care,"
 " Take care."

The farmer's son passed by at noon,
Singing, " just over there, over there,"
" I shall not be here long, for soon
 " I shall sing over there, over there ;"
And the Flycatcher sang him the tune,
To a slightly different air :
" Just there, over there, stay there, don't you hear ?
" Just there, over there, don't come too near,
" There'll be nobody left very long I fear,
 " If you sing like that, over there,
 " Over there."

The farmer's son sat on the sward,
Tipped back in an easy chair :
Considering a call from the Lord
To step up the pulpit stair ;
And loudly he ranted and roared,
And the Flycatcher said, " Forbear.

"For many a pulpit is spoiled I'm sure,
"By sermons the Lord doth only endure,
"So dreadfully pious and dreadfully poor ;
 "Your plough is your pulpit ; stay there,
 "Stay there."

A maiden strolled by at eve,
And still the bird sat there ;
As the farmer's son took leave
Of that maiden, fond and fair ;
And he said, "I will never deceive,"
And the Flycatcher said, "Beware.
"I have caught many flies between dusk and dawn,
"In the snary webs that were round them drawn,
"O you'll be all right if you'll just keep on
 "As you are, so young girl. Beware,
 "Beware."

THE GOLD FINCH.

The Thistle-Down Song.

AIRILY, airily, floating so fairly, circling in bright undulations of song ;
Softly at last it drops down on the thistle-tops, scattering the furse where the breezes blow strong ;
Till, just as it seemed to me, my hand had caught it, see,
off there it flies, singing all the day long :
 "See, see, I've cheated ye, school boy, I've cheated ye."
 "See me, see me, where are you, where are you ?"
 "Tse, tse per-chick-o-pee, tse, tse you don't catch me,
 "Hee ! hee ! you didn't, did you, hee ! hee ! hee !"

Airily, airily, floating so fairly, caroling out over lakelet and lea,

Up in the summer air, see the shrike tracks him there,
strikes at him, misses him, see that bird, see,
See how it turns about, till it has tired him out ; well
done, little bird, as it sings from the tree.

"See, see, I've cheated ye, ha shrike, I've cheated
ye."

"See me, see me, where are you, where are you?"

"Tse, tse per-chick-o-pee, tse, tse you don't catch me,

"Hee! hee! you didn't did you, hee! hee! hee!"

Airily, airily, floating so fairly, all through the winter
that bird is still there ;

When from their silver crowns, stars shed their thistle-
downs, in the soft snowflakes that whiten the air,
Still with his tiny shout, tossing the snow about, carols
this bird on the crusted glare :

"See, see, I've cheated ye, winter, I've cheated ye."

"See me, see me, where are you, where are you?"

"Tse, tse per-chick-o-pee, tse, tse you don't catch me,

"Hee! hee! you didn't, did you, hee! hee! hee!"

THE CHICKADEE.

DRINKING the dew drops, upside down

Hangs the little Chickadee ;
With his jet black cap and his light drab gown,
In the frosted evergreen tree.

And what bird in the forest's deep-set frown

So blithe and so boon as he,
As he calls to the cracks of the woodsman's axe,

"Chickadee-dee-dee, Chickadee-dee-dee.

"Ups and down to me are the same you see ;

"I'm a funny little, sunny little,

"Chickadee,

"Peenk, peenk."

The downy taps on the buttonwood bark :
"Are you there little tommy tom tit?"
And the small, loose flocks of the horned lark,
And the snow buntings round him sit,
And the linnet and longspur stop to hark
To this wonderful little wit,
As he scatters dull care with the snowflakes there.
"Chickadee-dee-dee, Chickadee-dee-dee,
"Snow away hee-hee, cheat a day, like me ;
"I'm a little humble, tickle tumble
"Chickadee,
"Tseep, tseep."

The broad wheels clog in the heavy ruts,
The chained logs creak on the wain :
The smoking team at the welting cuts
Of the loud lash start with a strain ;
The deep snow drifts with the wind and shuts
Up the tracks through the wooded lane.
Then hark to the wit of the little tomtit :
"Chickadee-dee-dee, Chickadee-dee-dee,
"Don't you wish you were me in the evergreen tree,
"Such a cosy little comfortable
"Chickadee,
"Tsip, tsip."

But at dusk when the shades of evening fall,
And the distant hills grow dim ;
And the cold wool muffles each mellow call,
And the lone owl mopes on the limb.
Tis then comes that sweetest note of all,
The voice of his vesper hymn :
"Chickadee-dee-dee, Chickadee-dee-dee,
"In the old dead tree, there is none but me.
"I'm the only little, lonely little
"Chickadee,
"Whee—hee."

THE DOVE.

"A-dieu—u—u—."

'TIS the place—I linger by it, with its quaint and
dreamy quiet,
And the boat lights and the train lights in the distance
dropping through ;
And the terraced uplands sloping slowly down from court
and coping,
And the tree-girt towers that gleam out grandly on the
traveler's view,
As they call and yet forever call,
" Adieu."

Through this woodland scented city floats full many a
liquid ditty,
From the richly plumaged warblers, tiny rainbows of
the dew ;
Till their bright and leafy glitter sets the pine trees
all a-twitter
With the wonderful bird concerts given every morn
anew ;
In whose closes, hark ! the dove-bell tolls,
" A—dieu—u—u."

Sweetest bell that rings from out it, valedictory about it,
To the hurrying throngs forever coming, going, fro
and to ;
Hang upon the rapt oration of each wordy graduation,
Stale farewells, prepared beforehand, hear them all
and when they're through,
Then go out and hear the wood-dove say,
" A—dieu—u—u."

Tell me students, tell me sages, pouring over tongue-tied
pages,

From the iron-grated dungeon, from the knee-deep
field's tattoo,
From the cannon's mouth a dove's nest breathes
"A—dieu—u—u."

Washington—the shadows quaver, the trees rustle,
banners waver,
The red light of shells and sabres up the stained ravine
flame through ;
Cannon belching, chargers wheeling, ranks on ranks in
battle reeling,
When into a lonely pine-tree noiselessly a wood-dove
flew,
Right between the lines and breathed
"A—dieu—u—u."

Down the ranks the lined-eyes glistened and the two
great armies listened,
In the lull of the artillery as the dove began to coo,
For it sang of home and mother, and of love, aye, of
another,
Until brother leaned to brother, Peace calling to War,
a-dieu ;
Right out of the cannon's mouth,
"A—dieu—u—u."

It is o'er ; the flags are folded and the kindly earth hath
moulded
Out the furious cuts of faction that the drinking broad-
sword drew ;
And the ravelins are deserted and the bristling blades
reverted,
But on those capt heights of history where the horn
to battle blew,
Still the wood-dove softly flutes
"A—dieu—u—u."

Oh, the forms that round me hover, oh, the deeds no
clay can cover.
Oh, the domes of pine-sung Princeton that stand out
upon the view ;
Oh, the thronging student peoples, oh, the tolling of the
steeple,
Oh ! but where, alas ! my comrades, where O where to-
night are you ?
And the dove-bell to the dome-bell tolls.
"A—dieu—u—u."

THE SNOWY TROCLUS.

"Quick."

[N the still night along the liliated Nile,
When by its bright cool brink,
The tawny lions past the crocodile
Come down to drink ;

When through the slime-track of its sharded points,
Toothed like the threshing sledge,
The reptile with reticulated joints
Tracks the soft edge ;

There is a bird that tears the hairy leech
From out the blistered throat
Of the huge river dragon on the beach,
With "quick" wild note.

A snowy bird that in its shuddering spell
Paints the dread sight to us,
Of a white soul in the black mouth of hell ;
The snowy Troculus.

What though the monster roar with greedy maws?
That fateful sound it spurns;
As, back again, between those tongueless jaws
It soon returns.

Nor fear can fright it from that scaly snout,
Nor love can lure it hence;
Forever dropping gaily in and out,
In dread suspense:

Still down within that huge mouth opened wide—
It darts with tweaking cry;
The while, along the river's leaden tide,
A gilded barge glides by.

Ah, thus twixt slander-dripping jaws of death,
Loathing the bread of lust:
Full many a fluttering soul with bated breath,
Clutches its crust.

But while with shame the starving cyprian keeps
The secret of her spell;
In Pompey's arms gorged Cleopatra sleeps,
Ambition's hell.

THE MINO.

The Indian Death-chant as chanted by the celebrated Calcutta Mino.

A ROCK left bare by the falling of the river,
Opi-mou—Opi-mou.
A shaft far spent from its fellows in the quiver,
Opi-mou—Opi-mou.
Mat-wonck, kuna-moni, kuna-moni, kuna-moni,
Mat-wonck, kuna-moni, kuna-mou,
Kuna-mou.

She chants no more in the circle of the dances,
 Uli-lou—Uli-lou.
 She smiles no more through the gloaming of her glances,
 Uli-lou—Uli-lou.
 Mat-wonck, Ula-loui, Ula-loui, Ula-loui,
 Mat-wonck, Ula-loui, Ula-lou,
 Ula-lou.
 The red braves sing to their scalps and to their spouses,
 Woni-mou—Woni-mou.
 She will come no more from the land where she carouses,
 Woni-mou—Woni-mou.
 Mat-wonck, Wona-moni, Wona-moni, Wona-moni,
 Mat-wonck, Wona-moni, Wona-mou,
 Wona-mou.
 Her light canoe lies empty on the water,
 Mina-mou—Mina-mou.
 The old chief mourns in his wigwam for his daughter,
 Mina-mou—Mina-mou.
 Mat-wonck, Mina-muni, Mina-muni, Mina-muni,
 Mat-wonck, Mina-muni, Mina-mou,
 Mina-mou.

THE LOON.

The Laugh-cry—"Ha! Ha! Ha! Alone. Alone."

DOWN on the dunes by the moon-touched sea,
 Down on the dunes by the sea;
 The long volutes of foam unrolled,
 Far up on the ice-fringed lee;
 And slid winking back with a sidelong sheen,
 Of bubbling blazonry,
 Down on the dunes by the sea;
 Down by the moan of the undertone,
 "Ha! ha! ha! Alone.
 "Alone."

Down on the dunes by the billowy sea,
Down by the glistening wave ;
A shadowy bird dived out of the sky
Straight down in its watery grave,
As if to pluck up that wierd wild cry,
From its coral confined cave.
Down by the glistening wave.
Down by the moan of the undertone,
"Ha! ha! ha! Alone.
"Alone."

Down on the dunes by the desolute sea,
Down in the gorgeous gloom ;
I saw that bird with its belted throat
Straight out of the ocean spoom ;
As the loud laugh cry of the Loon rang by
Like a death groan from a tomb ;
Down in the gorgeous gloom ;
Down by the moan of the undertone ;
"Ha! ha! ha! Alone.
"Alone."

Down on the dunes by the pitiless sea,
Down by the sound of the sea ;
A madman raves at his bastion bars,
A woman moans ceaselessly,
A little child waves its hands and calls
Out its wild laugh-cry to me,
Down by the dunes of the sea ;
And I hear that cry as the Loon flies by :
"Ha! ha! ha! Alone.
"Alone."

Down on the dunes by the shadowy sea,
In the down of the downy years,
The cry of the Loon is lost in a cloud
As it darkly disappears ;

And hearts lie crushed, but their cries are hushed
With all their hopes and fears,
In the down of the downy years ;
Gone out with a groan in the great unknown ;
Ha ! ha ! ha ! Alone.
Alone.

THE BROWN THRASHER.

" I told you so."

*There's a bird that doth foretell
Like full many a man as well,
Everything beneath the sun,
When that thing's already done.
Speciously at first 'twill sing
Heart and hope encouraging,
But should that same thing to thee
Turn out very differently,
Then that prophet of the past
Always loves to cry at last ;
" I told you so."*

DOWN, way down on the shores of Alabama,
Down where the summer never dies,
There lived a lovely maid,
And the sparkling ripples played
In the dark, still eddies of her eyes ;
And,
This maiden had a lover as you'll presently discover
Whom she lost very much to her surprise,
Down where her love never dies,
Down on the shores of Alabama.

Down, way down in the groves of Alabama,
Down where the lover's pathway lies ;
Stood a man and maiden near,
As he whispered ; " kiss me, dear,"
And she said as she lifted up her eyes ;
" Yes,
" But don't you dare to tell Rob, don't you, don't
you tell him,"

And the rest you may easily surmise,
Down where the lover's pathway lies,
Down in the groves of Alabama.

Down, way down in the vales of Alabama,
Down where the Thrasher-bird replies ;
As Robert passed along,
He heard this warning song,
T'was the voice of his beloved in disguise ;
" Yes,
" But don't you dare to tell Rob, don't you, don't
you tell him,"
And thoughts very naturally arise,
Down where the Thrasher-bird replies,
Down in the vales of Alabama.

Down, way down in her home in Alabama,
Down in her home the maiden sighs :
While the bird that Robert sent
As his parting compliment,
From its cage in her window pertly cries ;
" Yes,
" But don't you dare to tell Rob, don't you, don't
you tell him,"
And oh ! how that bird she does despise,
But she'll never kiss again until she dies,
Down where she sits and sighs,
Down in her home in Alabama.

THE KILL-DEER.

" O dear, dear, dear, dear, dear !"

THE rapids swirled by the scarlet oak tree,
That threw back the boiling spray ;
And danced on the rocks in grewsome glee,
As they wore the roots away.

Wearing day by day, wearing the roots away,
They slide on hither, they glide on thither :
Wearing the roots away.

The Kill-Deer sits on her peeping nest
In the shade of the shuddering tree :
The brood stir gently under her breast,
But never a fear knows she.
Wearing day by day, wear the waters on their way.
They slide on hither, they glide on thither,
Wearing the roots away.

The storm-king stands at the door and knocks,
The north-wind begins to blow :
The tree in the tempests reels and rocks,
And the wild waters roar below ;
As they seem in mad sport to say, we have worn the
roots away,
They slide on hither, they glide on thither,
Sliding, gliding away.

The tall tree falls with a toppling crash,
That rings through the deep ravine ;
When lo, a bird in a lightning flash,
And a stringing nest are seen.
Shooting through the spray as it bears the nest away,
They slide on hither, they glide on thither
Drifting away—away.

The great tree writhes in the whirlpool's grasp,
The mother-bird beats her breast :
But still she follows with circling clasp,
Down after that empty nest.
And still upon my ear, that dropping song I hear,
As the whirlpool swallows the bird that follows,
“ O dear, dear, dear, dear !”

THE CUCKOO.

"Cuckoo."

An old cathedral clock,
Carved in the portal of a timeless tomb
Out of a porphyry block,
Struck softly, through the long night, in my room,
"Cuckoo."

Within its hidden bower,
As near its nest with soft nocturnal chime,
There sat, hour after hour,
A Cuckoo, telling with its name the time :
"Cuckoo."

Its distant sound deceived
My ear, with wastes of desert sand and sea ;
Till I could have believed,
Though striking there, it struck in Italy,
"Cuckoo."

Off' had I stopped to list
By Driad woods, where the bright water strays,
To that ventriloquist,
And looked for him a hundred different ways,
"Cuckoo."

On meadow, slope and hill,
I sought in vain to trace that hollow sound ;
Like limbwise whippoorwill,
I followed what alas ! I never found,
"Cuckoo."

And so I found my bird,
Singing in the dead stone the same dead note,
That on the hills I heard,
So near and yet so rainy and remote :
"Cuckoo."

Still, as on darkened slope,
Telling the spring time from the timeless tomb,
The bright mirage of hope,
That ever calls, as it recedes in gloom ;
"Cuckoo."

THE CREEPER.

"C-r-e-e-p,

"Up—up—up."

DOWN at the bottom of the tallest tree,
With regular short hops ;
From twig to twig ascending patiently,
Clear to the sunny tops ;
The limbwise Creeper tells this truth to me,
And sings and never stops ;

"C-r-e-e-p

"Up—up—up."

Turning each leaf that lies within its book,
Searching each tiny spray ;
Peering into each hidden, shady nook,
With that sure haste—delay,
That care, that not a single slur doth brook,
It sings all up its way,

"C-r-e-e-p,

"Up—up—up."

Woulds't thou be great ; take those slow steps and
climb

From where thou first began ;
From branch to branch of learning and of time,
Nor slight but closely scan,
Each upward step, until thou stands't sublime ;
The monumental man ;

"C-r-e-e-p,

"Up—up—up."

The first things are the last things ; he who knows
That secret is profound ;
Genius is patience ; 'twill at last disclose
To thee the topmost round ;
Through ringéd years the tall palm slowly grows,
With that low, striving sound ;
"C-r-e-e-p,
"Up—up—up."

Down through death's vaults I dare not strike the
knells
Of my divine despair :
Lest be I wake the echo which foretells
That all is empty there ;
We go not downward to those dungeon cells,
But up, the starry stair,
"C-r-e-e-p,
"Up—up—up."

O lark-sung land, O land beyond the skies !
O snowless land of spring !
Warm sun ; toward thee with every bird that flies,
A bird in us takes wing ;
For thy full tree that blooms in Paradise,
Through which the soul shall sing ;
"C-r-e-e-p,
"Up—up—up."

THE BLUE BIRD.

A Courtship.

Blue Birds, fond Blue Birds,
From blossom-row to blossom-row,
Lightly:
Bounding upon the breeze they go
Brightly:

Soft flake of deep blue sky, blown downward from on high,

Singing:

"Tourillee, Tourillee,

"Come, come, come, kiss me, kiss me, come."

Two little Blue Birds in the orchard.

Blue Birds, sweet Blue Birds,

From apple-tree to apple-tree,

Sailing:

With lolling wings so languidly

T-r-a-i-l-i-n-g:

To her little mate she cries, as after her he flies,

Singing:

"Tourillee, Tourillee.

"Come, come, come, kiss me, kiss me, come."

Two little Blue Birds in the orchard.

Blue Birds, dear Blue Birds,

With circle-song on circle-song,

Sueing:

They linger round each other long,

Wooing:

With many a flirt and freak, they play at hide and seek,

Singing:

"Tourillee, Tourillee,

"Come, come, come, kiss me, kiss me, come."

Two little Blue Birds in the orchard.

Blue Birds, coy Blue Birds,

Through tangle-tops and tickle-tops,

Gliding:

Into the deep long grass he drops,

Hiding:

Then how she turns and calls, as down by him she falls,

Singing:

"Tourillee, Tourillee,

"Come, come, come, kiss me, kiss me, come."
Two little Blue Birds in the orchard.

Blue Birds, gay Blue Birds,
From orchard-post to orchard-post
Leaping :
With broken flights of song they ghost
Cheeping :
As all about the place, she leads him in the race,
Singing :
"Tourillee, Tourillee."
"Come, come, come, kiss me, kiss me, come."
Two little Blue Birds in the orchard.

Blue Birds, tired Blue Birds,
As in and out and all about,
Flying :
Between the boughs with tiny shout,
Crying :
"What were you going to say, good bye, some other day."
Singing :
"Tourillee, Tourillee."
"Come, come, come, kiss me, kiss me, come."
Two little Blue Birds in the orchard.

THE QUAIL.

"Wh, Wh, Whoit, Wh, Whoit."

HOW quaintly it sounds in the streaking morn,
As the shadows take their flight;
To hear the Quail in the tasselled corn,
Whistle and whir at the hunting horn,
"Wh, wh, whoit, wh, whoit."

The furls roll off on the skirting fog,
The levelled bead gleams bright ;

The dog stands a-leg on the blackened log,
The hip-booted hunter bends over the bog,
"Wh, wh, whoit, wh, whoit."

From the leaves where the spattering volley rang,
Floats off a smoke-feather of white;
And just where the dog through the thicket sprang,
Not a minute too quick to his mate he sang,
"Wh, wh, whoit, wh, whoit."

Ah! with meaning more than that dead bird meant,
He sang it, as well he might;
For e'en through his song a bullet sent,
Whistled by from a bead that death hath bent;
"Wh, wh, whoit, wh, whoit."

And so they die at the opening dawn,
And so at the dead of night;
And the smile of the lamp swells up and is gone,
And low gusts of wind sigh over the lawn,
"Wh, wh, whoit, wh, whoit."

Alas! though ye carve down the cold, sweet clay,
The bird has got it right;
Yes, that quaint little whistle that flies away,
As we think of them sadly is all we can say,
"Wh, wh, whoit, wh, whoit."

THE WOOD PEWEE.

"Pity, pity me."

I SHOT a bird out of a tree,
That hung above a woodland tide;
With pinions spread it turned on me
A piteous look and ere it died,

There crept a hurt, imploring cry,
As broken-winged it drifted by :

“ Pewee, pewee, wee,
“ Pity, pity me.”

From its turned glance I turned away,
But still its image haunts the brook :
Where'er at noon or night I stray,
I never can forget that look ;
That bright eye in the darkness deep,
Shines, and I hear that wee-bird cheep :

“ Pewee, pewee, wee,
“ Pity, pity me.”

Sportsman ! take warning and refrain
Thy hand from useless violence ;
Lest be too late thou seek'st in vain
From some turned look to turn thee hence ;
Leave to the ganching shrike the thorn,
Where many a Pewee cries at morn :

“ Pewee, pewee, wee,
“ Pity, pity me.”

Shoot not in wanton sport, but spare
Those messengers from spirits flown :
God's angels of the summer air,
In place of angels once our own.
To whom full many a hidden heart,
Cries back as cherished hopes depart :

“ Pewee, pewee, wee,
“ Pity, pity me.”

O sad complaining little bird,
Wing-trembling in the darkest wood !
O prayer, unanswered and unheard,
Save by the God of solitude !

What litany can hold compare,
With that sublime, yet simple prayer :
 "Pewee, pewee, wee,
 "Pity, pity me."

And when about the golden throne,
We build our nests in some warm clime :
As once 'round dwellings of our own,
Those wee-birds built in summer time :
O'ershadowed by that throne on high,
The tall archangel can but cry :
 "Miserere me,
 "Pity, pity me."

THE RED-BIRD.

"Whoit, whoit, whoit, whoit, whoit.

"Teu, teu, teu, teu.

"Three cheers."

THE Red-bird whistles in the wild cherry tree,
 What of it? "whoit!" what of it?
As long as this whistling don't worry me,
 What of it, "teu" what of it?
 Whistling ;
 "Whoit, whoit, whoit, whoit, whoit,
 "Teu, teu, teu, teu,
 "Three cheers."

The birds curse him roundly, but what does he care?
 What of it? "whoit," what of it?
With his martial crest and his military air,
 What of it? "three cheers," what of it?
 Whistling :
 "Whoit, whoit, whoit, whoit, whoit,
 "Teu, teu, teu, teu,
 "Three cheers."

The sharp, quick, "halt," "give the countersign,"
Comes out in his shrill, "what of it?"
The fife and the drum and the thin red line,
And anarchy's cry, "what of it?"

Whistling :

"Whoit, whoit, whoit, whoit, whoit,
"Teu, teu, teu, teu,
"Three cheers."

To sleep or to study, what matter to him?
What of it? "whoit," what of it?
Though the weight of a nation should hang on his
whim,

He would whistle it off with, "what of it?"

Whistling :

"Whoit, whoit, whoit, whoit, whoit,
"Teu, teu, teu, teu,
"Three cheers."

The loud thunder rolls but with proud unconcern,
He keeps right on whistling. "what of it?"
The white lightning winks in his eyes, he will turn
Without winking and whistle, "what of it?"

Whistling :

"Whoit, whoit, whoit, whoit, whoit,
"Teu, teu, teu, teu,
"Three cheers."

And what after all when our life is done,
O what, after all, what of it?
If we've only finished what we've begun,
What is left but that red-bird's *what of it?*

Whistling :

"Whoit, whoit, whoit, whoit, whoit,
"Teu, teu, teu, teu,
"Three cheers."

And as for my epitaph after I'm dead,
He will read it and whistle, "what of it?"
Ah! then with that quizzical turn of his head,
Let him try then to wake me, what of it?

Whistling :

"Whoit, whoit, whoit, whoit, whoit,
"Teu, teu, teu, teu,
"Three cheers."

THE CAT BIRD.

"Can't."

THERE sat a little maid in the honey locust shade,
And a catbird sat close by :
"Your name, my little miss?" as I coaxed her with a kiss,
"I can't," was the little maid's reply ;
And the Cat-bird cried with a noiseless glide :
"Can't."

There stood a little lass at the bottom of her class,
Just as stupid as she could be :
Next girl, attention school, spell, parse, give the rule ?
"I can't," drawled the stupid little she ;
And the Cat-bird mewed through the window to the prude :
"Can't."

There lingered by a lad - 'twas the only chance she had
To become a happy bride ;
Will you be my little wife and settle down for life ?
"I can't," the little flirt replied ;
And the old maid crones and the Cat-bird drones :
"Can't."

There came at last a time when no longer in her prime,
They told her she soon must die ;

"O, I can't, I can't," she said, but death came and she
was dead ;
And a shuttered house stood by ;
And the Cat-bird whined through the window blind :
"Can't."

There lies a lonely grave where the honey locusts wave,
Over her clustering bed ;
In the body still, alas, at the bottom of her class,
Though her soul has gone up head ;
And the Cat-bird complains to her cold remains,
Down in the honey locust haunt ;
And she sleeps there, still, just as still as she can,
But where—still—for that Cat-bird she
"Can't."

SEA BIRDS, WILD SEA BIRDS.

SEA birds, wild sea birds !
Wreckers of the white-capped wave,
Wheeling on the winds that rave
Off by stormy cliff and cave,
Sea birds, wild sea birds.
Swooping, dipping,
Round the shipping
Cradled on the billow's grave.
Out upon yon treeless ocean,
In its calm and its commotion.
Mocking back its restless motion,
Sea birds, wild sea birds.

Sea birds, wild sea birds !
Where the petrel-lightning leaps,
Where the wolf-wave never sleeps,
Where the eagle-tempest sweeps,

Sea birds, wild sea birds !
Wildly whirling
Through the swirling
Surges of the yeasty deep.
By yon bifurcated gleaming,
See! A ship is sinking, steaming,
And upon its mast-tops screaming,
Sea birds, wild sea birds.

Sea birds, wild sea birds !
Hooting at the fowler's dart,
Laughing at the angler's art,
Scoffing compass, sail and chart,
Sea birds, wild sea birds.
On the pillow
Of the billow,
Rocked like child on mother's heart.
Nor within the forest nested,
Far from them upon the crested
Wave, sleeps bird so softly breasted,
Sea birds, wild sea birds.

Sea birds, wild sea birds !
So like you with wingéd haste,
Wheels my soul upon her waste,
Swept by sorrow and effaced :
Sea birds, wild sea birds !
And like shadows
Eldorado's
Are the phantoms it has chased.
Still that wild, bright sea I covet,
With the clear blue sky above it,
Land of sea birds, O I love it,
Sea birds, wild sea birds.

